

NAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

THE LITTLE WIZARD; OR, THE SUCCESS OF A YOUNG INVENTOR.

By A SELF-MADE MAN



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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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THE LITTLE WIZARD

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By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Little Wizard.

"Upon my word, Fred, you're a wonder!" ejaculated Bob Larkins in a tone of admiration. "I don't wonder the people of this village call you the Little Wizard. By George! You are a wizard for getting up schemes that pan out results."

"Thank you for your commendation, Bob," replied Fred with a gratified look on his handsome, sunburned countenance. "A fellow can't help feeling pleased when he sees that his ideas are appreciated by others."

"How the dickens do you manage to think of all these things you have invented? Your head doesn't seem to be shaped a whole lot different from mine, and yet you are able to dig out of it 'most anything you want."

"Oh, the ideas come to me one way or another without any effort on my part, and in any old place," replied Fred. "Sometimes one strikes me at night after I've turned in and settled down to go to sleep. It comes just like a flash—a kind of inspiration—and I jump up, go to my writing-table and jot the thing down as it unfolds before my mental vision. Then in the morning all I have to do is to read my notes over and it all comes back to me. If I didn't catch it on the fly, as it were, and make those notes, I'd never be able to remember enough about it when I woke up to amount to shucks."

"Most everything you've turned out has been so blamed simple that I've wondered why they haven't all been thought of a hundred times before and turned to practical use. Look at that burglar-proof window device of yours, a half interest in which you had to give to Squire Parker to get the money to patent it. The Gale Manufacturing Company bought it up before you got the papers from Washington and are selling the thing, I understand, like hot cakes. Your share of the purchase price paid off half of the mortgage on your mother's cottage, and the squire made a fine profit on his small loan. What does the thing amount to, anyway, to look at? You'd think any fool would have thought of such a scheme a hundred years ago. Nothing but a roughened steel wedge which, when shoved strongly into the sides of the upper and lower sashes, makes it impossible to raise or lower either to the slightest extent, even when one or both are open a few inches to

permit of ventilation, and cannot be reached by any one from the outside. Why, those wedges knock the spots out of the more expensive devices for a similar purpose on the market. The Gale Company is putting them out at a nickel for a set of four, and I'll bet is coining money out of them."

Fred laughed.

"It was so simple that when I showed the samples to Squire Parker he gave me the laugh. He didn't laugh, though, when I had given him a practical demonstration of their utility. He thought it over a little while and then agreed to patent it in my name for a half interest. Of course I consented, for I couldn't raise \$75 to save my life. As soon as the patent was applied for somebody connected with a certain publication in New York that is widely circulated among people interested in patents and mechanical problems printed a description of the device with an illustration of the wedge, and in a short time I had the offer from the Gale Company for the exclusive rights. The squire advised me to close with the company, and I did."

"That was certainly the simplest of all your schemes, but none of them is the least bit complicated. Aren't you going to have the rest of them patented? Of course you'll do that with this new-fangled combination knife of yours."

"I may have one or two of them patented later on," replied Fred. "It doesn't follow because they look like good schemes that they'll take on the market. That is something that must be considered. No use of wasting \$75 on a device that after it is offered to the public falls as flat as a pancake. I've been told that only about one patent in a hundred is worth putting out. I'm going to apply for a patent on this combination knife right away, and I don't imagine it will be necessary for me to sell a half interest in it either, to raise the price."

"I should say not," answered Bob. "You ought to make a good thing out of it. Perhaps the Gale Company will take it off your hands at a good figure."

"I'm going to give the company the first chance. The manager told me when the papers were signed for the burglar-proof window clutch that he would be glad to consider anything else in the novelty line that I thought of."

"Then I consider this device as good as sold, for in my opinion it is bound to take. Sixteen useful tools combined in one is a corker, all right, and it's so simple that it'll cost hardly anything to manufacture."

"That is the important consideration, Bob. These things have got to be sold cheap, and at a profit to manufacturer, middle man and dealer, or what's the use of getting them out? The five and ten cent stores of the big cities are the rage now. Everybody goes to them for something of this kind. That means that ten cents is the limit if you want to secure large sales and introduce the goods widely. Under such circumstances the profit can be small to the manufacturer and still make money for him. See the point?"

"Sure."

"Now, the framework of this combination knife can be cut out of a piece of metal and shaped at the same time. The adjustable slide will have to be punched out separately and fixed in place by hand; but that can be done by a kid in no time. The knife-blade will also have to be sharpened by hand. A skilled hand can do that very quickly, as the metal is thin. When in use a fine flat file will keep the blades always sharp. The pointed scoop at the end of the handle is intended to remove the cores from apples, pears, and such. It will also take the eyes out of potatoes, pineapples, and so on. The top, or broad end of the knife, is intended for a chopper and scraper. It will scale fish very handily. The blade with the adjustable slide may be used for cutting cabbage, or kraut, or slaw; for slicing potatoes in different shapes or paring pineapples, sweet potatoes, carrots, parsnips or turnips, and so forth. The implement will accomplish at least two dozen uses that I know of, and I have no doubt I will think of more by the time I have got it patented."

"I've heard of several kinds of vegetable and fruit parers and corers, but nothing that will do so many things as yours. Are you sure there isn't anything like it on the market?"

"I've secured a list of every practical device on this line from the patent firm in Washington that put through my burglar-proof invention, and I find that this idea will not infringe on any other patent," replied Fred.

"Then you're all right. Say, how came you to think up such a combination tool?"

"This evolved itself by degrees. It did not come all at once like some of the other schemes. I thought of the knife with the adjustable slide first and then I added the other improvements afterwards."

"Well, you're a corker, Fred. Some day you'll make your fortune out of some ridiculously simple device that people when they see it will wonder they never thought of such a thing themselves."

"I wouldn't be surprised. I have heard that great fortunes have been made out of the simplest kind of inventions. Things that everybody wanted and didn't know it till some clever man sprang it on the market, when it went like hot cakes and put the inventor on Easy Street for the rest of his life."

"And enabled his heirs after him to live in clover," laughed Bob.

"Just so."

"If I had your head I'd consider it as good as a gold mine. I suppose you'll soon be shaking your

job with Jordan & Jellicot, the contractors. That's a big chimney they're putting for the new factory down by the river."

"Yes. When finished it will be visible from every part of the valley."

"I guess Greenlawn won't be a village any more after that establishment begins operations. I've heard that the company intends to build houses on its property to accommodate over 500 operatives. That will mean a thousand new residents, not including kids. As I understand that another corporation has secured an option on a big plot of ground on our outskirts for the purpose of establishing a wagon works there I guess we'll soon take our place on the map as a wideawake town instead of the village we are at present."

"That's right. Greenlawn is beginning to expand in downright earnest. I s'pose you saw the statement in the paper that the M. & Q. Railroad has advertised for bids from contractors to build a branch from Cloverdale right into this village."

"Of course I did. It is expected to be finished soon after the new factory is ready for business."

The foreign conversation between Fred Knowles, playfully dubbed by the editor of the Greenlawn weekly "Standard" as the "Little Wizard," because of his many ingenious inventions, and his particular friend Bob Larkns, took place on Sunday forenoon in the former's workshop, as he styled the small den off his sleeping-room on the second floor of his mother's cottage.

Mrs. Knowles was the widow of a bookkeeper who during the last years of his life was employed in the Greenlawn Bank, of which Squire Parker was the president.

He built his cottage with money largely borrowed from the bank on a five-year mortgage, and died before he had saved much toward paying off the principal, thereby leaving his widow an almost hopeless legacy of debt.

The mortgage had still a year and a half to run, with every prospect of being ultimately foreclosed by the bank, when Fred sold his successful burglar-proof window invention for something more than enough to reduce the mortgage one-half.

He confidently counted on making enough out of his combination knife, as he called it, to not only liquidate the balance, but place his mother beyond the possibility of want during the rest of her life.

He still had other schemes in embryo out of which he expected to make money, in the development of which he was taking his time while he put in eight hours a day in the Greenlawn office of Jordan & Jellicot, a Toledo firm of contractors who were building a large factory on the outskirts of the village.

The factory in question was a very important contract, so much so, indeed, that Mr. Jellicot, the junior partner and architect of the firm, spent a large part of his time in personally superintending the work.

Fred had secured his position through Squire Parker, who interested himself in his behalf when the job was started nine months before, and the boy so well sustained the good recommendation of the bank president that Mr. Jellicot took quite a fancy to him and assured him of a permanent place in the service of the firm.

The young inventor, as we may quite properly call him, was the best-known lad in Greenlawn on account of the reputation he had achieved through

his successful window device, and being frequently alluded to in the paper as the "Little Wizard."

Nearly all the villagers referred to him now as the Little Wizard, and the nickname which had first been regarded as a joke had gradually come to be considered as a most complimentary appellation, inferring the possession of talents of a superior order.

In fact, Fred was a proud of the title as Napoleon I. was of the "Little Corporal."

After some further talk about the new factory, and the glowing future that seemed to be in store for the village of Greenlawn, Bob Larkins went home to get his dinner, and Fred himself went downstairs fully prepared to do justice to his own when his mother called him to it.

CHAPTER II.—A Crooked Scheme.

During the next week Bob Larkins told nearly everybody he knew that the Little Wizard had invented a wonderful labor-saving device for the kitchen that was sure to line his pockets with money, but, in accordance with his promise to his friend, he wouldn't explain what the invention aimed to accomplish.

"I think you might tell me," pouted Susan Smith, Bob's steady company. "I'm just dying to know what it is."

"No," replied Bob resolutely, "it wouldn't be fair. I promised not to say anything about it, and I guess my word is as good as my bond."

"I think you're real mean, Bob."

"I can't help what you think, Sue. You ought to be the last to ask me to go back on a friend. You see, he hasn't even applied for a patent on it yet, and if the idea was to leak out somebody else might get hold of it and put in an application ahead of them. That would dish him out of his rights."

"He's very kind to trust you with the secret."

"Sure, he is, and I consider it an honor to enjoy his confidence. If he didn't know I could be relied on he wouldn't have shown me his model nor breathed a word about its merits."

"You say it's a fine thing for the kitchen?"

"Bang up. What it won't do for the cook, short of starting the fire and sweeping the floor, is hardly worth mentioning," said Bob with a chuckle.

"What nonsense! I do wish I knew what it is."

"You'll know just as soon as it is put on the market. I'll gamble on it your mother wouldn't do without it after she gets one for ten times its price if she couldn't get another."

Next day Susan Smith spread the news of Fred Knowles' wonderful, mysterious new invention, which she declared Bob Larkins had assured her was capable of all kinds of stunts in the kitchen, and she was willing to swear that whatever Bob said was so.

The intelligence reached the ears of the wife of the editor and proprietor of the "Standard," and as a consequence an item appeared in the next issue of the paper which informed the entire village that the Little Wizard had evolved a new creation out of his fertile brain which would revolutionize the domestic economy of every household in the land.

Nearly all the men employed on the Jordan &

Jellicot contract had been brought from Toledo.

Among them was a low-browed, surly-looking man named Dan Scully, who was employed as a bricklayer.

He lived in one of the small cottages the contractors had built to house their workmen, and the domestic arrangements were looked after by an old woman of sinister aspect, assisted by a very pretty but poorly dressed girl of seventeen years, who was known as Scully's niece.

The girl, whose name was known to be Jessie, was seldom seen outside the whitewashed fence surrounding the cottage, and then always in the elderly woman's company.

She made no friends, for any advances on the part of the other workmen's wives and daughters were discouraged by the old harridan who ruled the roost while Scully was away, and he was away the greater part of his time, for after supper he invariably sought the society of a few kindred spirits in a roadside tavern that bore an unsavory reputation in the village.

He usually returned home around midnight more or less loaded, and as a consequence often turned up late at his job.

As part of Fred Knowles' duty was to act as time-keeper, and keep tabs on the men, he was frequently obliged to dock Scully for lost time.

Scully resented this, and by degrees nursed a strong resentment against the boy.

It was Saturday night of the week following the conversation related in our first chapter.

Scully was seated with one of his boon companions, a dissolute village carpenter named Moses Yarnold, at a table in the public room of the roadside tavern.

His wages had been docked more than usual that week and he was in a bad humor over that fact.

He denounced Fred in no uncertain terms, and found a sympathizing listener in Yarnold, who, having little money to squander on liquor, found it to his interest to keep in with the bricklayer, who was a liberal spender.

"I'd like to get square with the young cub," snarled Scully vindictively.

"I hate the young rascal as much as you do," said Yarnold in an ugly tone.

"Do you? What has he done to you?" asked Scully, scowling at his companion.

"He got me fired from a job I was on just before you came to the village."

"He did, eh?"

"Yes, he did. And, mark my words, he won't rest till he's got you fired from the work you're on. He's down on you good and hard or he wouldn't grab every chance he can get to dock you."

Scully uttered a string of imprecations.

"If he gets me bounced I'll be the death of him," he hissed.

"Look here, Scully," said Yarnold, after glancing cautiously around, "are you game to help me with a little scheme to get square with him?"

"What is it?" asked the bricklayer with some interest.

"Well, you've heard that he's somethin' of an inventor, haven't you?"

"I heard he made some money out of a patent for keepin' burglars out of houses, but I didn't reckon it amounted to much. I never knew any lock or catch made yet that could keep a deter-

mined housebreaker outside if he wanted to get in."

"They say his window clutch does the trick all right," replied Yarnold. "He couldn't have sold the patent if it wasn't some good."

"What is the thing, and how does it operate?"

Yarnold explained the simplicity and effectiveness of the device.

"Ho!" sniffed Scully. "I don't think nothin' of that. S'pose I wanted to get in at a window where them things were used, do you know how I'd get around 'em?"

"How?"

"I'd cut out one of the panes, reach in my hand and remove 'em."

"That's just what I thought of," replied Yarnold.

"Well, what's this scheme you were goin' to tell me?"

"I saw somethin' in the 'Standard' about a new invention of his which the editor said was goin' to be one of the greatest labor-savin' devices ever used by women in the kitchen."

"What of it?" asked Scully impatiently.

"Well, you see he ain't made no application for a patent on it yet. I was thinkin' if you and me could manage to get into his room when he was out or asleep and steal the model, we could sell it to somebody and make good money out of it. We could both get square with him that way and make a bunch of coin at the same time."

The prospect of securing a wad of money appealed more to Scully than even the thought of revenge.

"Do you think we could do it?" He said eagerly.

"I'm sure we could," replied his companion. "His room is on the second floor in the rear of the house overlookin' the kitchen addition, which is one story. There wouldn't be no trouble climbin' on to the roof of the kitchen, and that would bring us right under his window. As I figger he's got them attached to his sashes, why, we must go provided with a glazier's diamond to cut out one of the panes. When we get into the room we'll dope him with a rag soaked with chloroform. That'll make him sleep sound enough, I'll warrant. Then we can hunt for that model without fear of interruption." "When do you think of workin' the job?"

"Some night next week. The sooner we do it the better, I reckon."

"I'm with you, Yarnold. I'm willin' to take some chances to get revenge on that chap, and doin' him out of his invention, which you think we can sell for a good price, strikes me as just about the right way of reachin' him to our own advantage."

"There ain't no better way that I know of. I count a lot on that there invention, for there ain't no depyin' but he's a clever kid. They say he's got a number of other ideas that he ain't made no attempt to patent yet. We can just as well carry off two or three of them models as one; but we must make sure of his latest, for accordin' to what the paper says it's a hummer. We might get several thousand dollars out of it, and that's more money than I ever seen in my life at one time."

The thought of getting hold of a thousand or two dollars made Scully's mouth water, and for the rest of the evening he was more reckless than usual with his money, so that both he and Yarnold finally left the tavern as drunk as a pair of loons.

CHAPTER III.—Saved by a Girl

"Fred," said Mr. Baldwin, who was head man in charge at the unfinished factory building at Greenlawn, under the junior partner of the firm, "Mr. Jellicot has just arrived and wants to see you in his room."

It was nine o'clock Monday morning and work on the building had been in full blast for an hour.

"All right, sir," said the boy, and he started for the inner office, where he found the junior partner and one of his assistants standing by a long table covered with blue prints and specifications.

Fred saw that Mr. Jellicot was busy explaining something to the young man alongside of him, so he waited by one of the windows until his boss was at liberty to talk with him. From the window the boy had a good view of the big chimney in process of erection at the river end of the factory. It was surrounded by a maze of scaffolding, and on the top platform two men were busily engaged in laying bricks, while two more men could be seen ascending a ladder from a platform below each with a hod of mortar over his shoulder.

While Fred was looking at this scene the young architect left the room with a blue print in his hand and Mr. Jellicot called the boy to his desk.

"I have been looking over your time book and I find that two of the workmen, Scully and Deaseley, have been making a regular practice of getting to work late."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Tell Mr. Baldwin to give you an envelope with a day's pay and a red slip in it for each of the men. Take the envelopes to them at once."

"Yes, sir."

"That's all," and the junior partner turned to his desk.

Fred immediately delivered Mr. Jellicot's message to Mr. Baldwin. That gentleman made no comment, but proceeded to get the envelopes ready. Inside of five minutes Fred had them in his hand and left the office. The boy knew that the two men were working at the top of the chimney. He mounted the first ladder to the lower platform; then the second to the next platform; the third to the third platform, and finally the fourth ladder, which brought him to the breezy top scaffolding where Scully and Deaseley were at work.

They greeted his appearance with an unpleasant stare, for they could not understand what brought him up there.

"I have been instructed by Mr. Jellicot to hand you these," said Fred, handing each man the envelope that bore his name.

"What does this mean?" snarled Scully, tearing his open and talking out the bills and red ticket.

"It means that you are both discharged for coming late this morning after having been warned by the foreman on Saturday," replied the boy.

"Oh, it does?" replied Scully furiously. "I reckon we're indebted to you for this, you young cub!"

"Me! I had nothing to do with it."

"You lie! You've hounded me ever since I've

been on the job. But I'll get even with you if I swing for it."

As Fred turned away from the two men after paying them Dan Scully gave him a sudden push. The boy threw up his arms, grasped wildly at the air, and with a thrilling cry fell headlong from the scaffolding. Scully and Deaseley looked down at his swiftly descending body—the former with sullen apathy, the latter with a thrill of horror.

"He'll be killed!" gasped Deaseley.

"What if he is?" sneered Scully incidently. "Serves him right for comin' up where he wasn't wanted."

They saw Fred strike on a projecting plank which, acting like a spring-board, pitched him far out into the air toward the river.

The boy's body turned two somersaults, cleared the edge of the green bank and then struck the water feet foremost and disappeared. The stream was a swift one and made a sharp turn about a hundred feet from that spot.

"You pushed him off!" said Deaseley as they watched in vain for Fred to come to the surface.

"I didn't do any such thing," replied Scully with an imprecation. "He slipped as he turned to leave and lost his balance."

Deaseley made no reply.

At that moment one of the hodcarriers appeared up the ladder with a white and scared face.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated. "How did the boy come to fall?"

"I don't know. Missed his footin', I s'pose," answered Scully surlily.

"He went into the river and hasn't come up. Must have been stunned by the shock. He's drowned by this time," said the hodcarrier.

Neither Scully nor Deaseley made any reply, but putting down their trowels began to descend the ladder.

When Fred felt himself pushed off the platform at the top of the uncompleted chimney, and realized that he was falling apparently to his death, he uttered one despairing cry, and then all that followed passed so swiftly that he seemed to lose consciousness, though not entirely. The shock of striking the water left him dazed and inert, and he made no effort to save himself.

The swift flow of the water carried him quickly down and around the bend of the stream in a brief space of time, then he rose to the surface out of sight of the workmen who had run to the brink of the bank in expectation of seeing him rise to the surface. He was so completely knocked out by his awful flight through the air, coupled with the gyrations his body had performed before he hit the river, that he was for the time being incapable of striking out for the shore, close as it was at hand, and after taking in some air unconsciously he sank for the second time into the depths.

When he rose again he was quite a distance from the giant chimney, and for the first time he made a feeble effort to save himself. The stream was too strong for him in his present condition, and with the roar of the eddying water in his ears he was about to sink for the third and last time when the shadow of a small boat loomed above him, and a shapely arm reached down and grasped him by the hair. His head rose above the water and then one of his arms was seized by a small brown hand.

The hand that gripped his hair let go and seized his other arm, and he was pulled up till his chin came level with the gunwale of the boat, and he looked into the face of the loveliest girl he had ever seen in his life. Her golden brown hair glinted in the sunshine under a cheap, rusty-looking hat which ill became her. Her gown itself was a faded black, and at her throat reposed a rusty-looking crepe bow that indicated she was in mourning for some one.

The girl's strength was not equal to pulling Fred into the boat, but she held on to him for all she was worth while boat and boy slipped down the stream.

CHAPTER IV.—The Captain's Daughter.

Supported by the fair stranger Fred gradually recovered his strength.

"Thanks, miss," he said at length; "I can hold on myself now, so you can let go. It wouldn't do for me to try to get in, for I might upset the boat and dump you into the river. Just take the oars and pull for the shore, which isn't far away, and then I'll be all right."

The girl understood, released her hold on him, seized the oars and soon had the little craft so close to the bank of the river that Fred felt the ground under him.

Still maintaining his hold on the gunwale till the water shoaled to his armpits he then let go and walked the rest of the way unassisted.

It was an unusually warm July morning, and though Fred was conscious of presenting a drenched appearance he did not feel particularly uncomfortable in his wet clothes. As the girl sat shyly looking at him he held out his hand to her.

"You have saved my life, miss, and I am deeply grateful to you," he said, regarding her with a glance of deep admiration.

"I am glad I was able to assist you," she answered with a sweet smile that completely captivated the young inventor.

"You didn't reach me a moment too soon. I was at my last gasp. Had I sunk again I am sure I never would have come up alive. Did you see me fall?"

"No, I didn't see you fall into the water. I caught sight of you floating down the stream, and you looked as if you were drowning, so I rowed right to you, reached over and caught you by the hair. I hope I didn't hurt you."

"Not at all, and it would have made no difference if you had. I suppose my hair was the only part of me you could grab," he said with a smile.

She nodded.

"I had a terrible fall before striking the river, and it seems like a miracle that I even hit the water. I can't understand how I escaped being dashed to pieces on the ground."

"What do you mean?" she asked with a startled look. "Where did you fall from?"

"I fell, or rather I was pushed, from the top platform of that big unfinished chimney yonder."

"You do not mean that!" she ejaculated with staring eyes.

"I do mean it, miss. I was sent up there to pay two men off who had been discharged by Mr. Jellicot for cause. One of them, a rascal named Dan Scully——"

"My uncle!" exclaimed the girl with a frightened look.

"Your uncle!" cried Fred in astonishment. "You don't mean to say that you are a relative of his?"

"I am his niece. My mother was his sister."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear it," replied Fred frankly. "A merciful Providence alone saved him from becoming my murderer, for he pushed me off the platform."

The girl's face assumed a look of horror.

"You are sure that he pushed you?" she asked in a low tone.

"I am positive. However, don't be alarmed; I won't make any charge against him since you have evened up the matter by saving my life."

"You are very kind to say so, but you need not consider me in the matter. Since my father was lost at sea Mr. Scully has never acted toward me as an uncle should. He has treated me most cruelly."

"Cruelly!"

"Yes. I wish I could go away from him; but I dare not."

"Dare not!"

"He has threatened me with awful things if I dared run away; and to make sure that I wouldn't he has a wicked old woman watch me nearly all the time."

"Great Scott! Is that so? You then are the girl I've heard the workmen speak of as Jessie?"

"Yes."

"What is your other name?"

"Drummond."

"My name is Fred Knowles, and I live with my mother in the village. Are you an orphan?"

"Yes. Mother died six years ago in Toledo, where she and I lived. Father only came home occasionally. He was captain and part owner of the ship *Golden Dream*, of New York. Mother died soon after he came home the last time. Her death nearly killed father, but he bore up as well as he could for my sake. Finally the time came when he had to return to his ship, which was ready to sail for Australia. He intended to take me with him, but my uncle, Mr. Scully, persuaded him that it would be better for me to get the benefit of another two years' schooling, and he suggested that my father leave him enough money for my education, clothes and support at a first-class boarding-school during the time he expected to be away. My father agreed, but after he left Toledo I was sent to a cheap boarding-school, and but poorly provided for. I was only eleven at the time and did not know that Mr. Scully was not treating me fairly."

"What a rascal!" exclaimed Fred indignantly, greatly interested in the girl's story.

"Wait till you hear all, and then you will understand how even that school, cheap as it was, was a heaven compared to what afterward became, and still is, my lot," went on Jessie, who seemed to take a pleasure in confiding her troubles to the boy whose life she had just saved. "When the news was printed in the papers that the *Golden Dream* had been lost with all hands somewhere down near Cape Horn, Mr. Scully's attitude toward me suddenly changed for the worse. Indeed, by that time he was greatly altered for the worse himself. With a portion of the money he got from my father he had taken a low sailors' lodg-

ing-house called the 'Mariners' Snug Harbor,' situated on the Toledo river-front. He took me from the school, brought me down to his lodging-house, placed me under the eye of the horrible old woman who lives with us now at the cottage, and forced me to go to work in a factory. That was five years ago, when I was only twelve years old."

"My gracious!" ejaculated Fred, clenching his fists as if he would liked to have had it out with Scully in the girl's behalf.

"Things became worse and worse with Mr. Scully, and so they became worse with me," continued Jessie. "The lodging-house went to ruin by degrees as such custom as Mr. Scully had fell away. On account of free fights there and for other reasons the place was raided by the police several times, but the old woman, whose name is Meiggs, managed to carry me off into an adjoining house, and I was saved the added disgrace of being taken into a police court, a prisoner. Although arrested a number of times, and more than once on a serious charge, Mr. Scully always managed to get discharged through the intervention of a lawyer named Noah Parsons, who is even a greater villain in my opinion than he is. But he has what is called a political pull, and he used to save Mr. Scully."

"Yes, I know what a political pull is," nodded Fred. "Go on."

"That's how I have spent the last five years of my life," went on the girl in tearful tones. "Three months ago a man was stabbed in the lodging-house. Mr. Scully maintains that Noah Parsons did the job, for he was frequently at our place, and I believe was hand-in-glove with my uncle in many bits of villainy. In order to save himself from suspicion the lawyer induced Mr. Scully to leave Toledo that night. His object no doubt was to make it appear that my uncle, whose reputation with the police is bad, was the guilty person. At any rate, Mr. Scully did not dare go contrary to the lawyer's wishes, so he left. A week later Mr. Parsons called at the lodging-house, which had been left in charge of Dick Fitch, a young man who assisted my uncle in running the place, handed some money to Mother Meiggs, and told her to come here with me. We found Mr. Scully working at his trade of bricklayer for Jordan & Jellicot, Toledo contractors, and here we have been ever since. Now that you say that my uncle has been discharged from their employ I know not what our next move will be."

"Gee! You've had a fierce time of it with your rascally uncle," said Fred. "You ought to leave him and the old woman and ask the law to protect you."

"I wish I dared," replied Jessie wistfully.

"Will you let me interfere in your behalf? I'll speak to both Mr. Jellicot and Mr. Parker, the president of the village bank. I'll threaten Scully with arrest for attempting to murder me unless he lets you alone hereafter. You shall come and live with mother and me. She will care for and love you as a daughter, for, remember, you saved my life, and that will be the best introduction you could have to her. What do you say?"

The girl made no reply. It was evident that she stood in mortal fear of her uncle and the old harri-
dan appointed to watch her. Five years of

their control had broken her spirit of resistance, and she dared not call her soul her own.

"I am going home to change my clothes," said Fred. "Won't you come with me? Won't you let me be your brother and protector? Won't you be a daughter to my mother, and let her make up to you the love and comforts of a true home which you have been so long deprived of?"

His appeal was not without its effect. She had taken an instant liking to Fred from the moment she first looked upon his face as she drew it out of the river. She felt that she could trust him with all her heart, for his voice sounded gentle and kind to her, and she read sincere sympathy for her in his eyes. But between her and this boy came the phantom faces of Dan Scully and Mother Meiggs, and she shivered with apprehension.

"Come," said Fred, extending his hand to her. She raised her eyes to his. The look he bent upon her was irresistible. She rose mechanically, held out her hand and was about to step ashore when a slatternly-looking old woman with a wicked face rushed out of the bushes and darted, with uncommon agility for one of her age, between them. With a stifled cry of fear Jessie fell back on the seat and covered her face with her hands, for the intruder was Mother Meiggs.

CHAPTER V.—Adrift.

"Hi!" screamed the hag in discordant and angry tones. "How dare yer waste yer time talkin' to a stranger, miss? A pretty how-d'ye-do this is! What will Mr. Scully say when he hears about it? If he doesn't beat yer or order me to do it, it will be a wonder. Go about your business, boy. We don't want yer."

"Leave that young lady alone, you old cat!" replied Fred in a resolute tone.

"Old cat is it!" screeched the harridan. "I'll tear yer eyes out."

"I don't think you will. If you don't make yourself scarce I'll throw you into the river. Miss Drummond is now under my protection."

"Your protection! I like that! What has she been tellin' yer?"

"That doesn't concern you, woman. She has told me enough for me to understand what kind of guardians she has had in you and her rascally uncle, Scully." The hag laughed shrilly again and fairly screamed at Fred.

"A pretty protector for a girl you are!" she screeched. "Wait till Mr. Scully gets his hands on yer. He'll learn yer to mind yer own business."

"Scully is more likely to go to the lock-up than teach me anything. Stand aside, or I shall forget you are a woman and give you what you deserve." He advanced and seized Mother Meiggs by one of her wrists. His grip was like steel, and she struggled and bit and kicked at him in vain, while he held her off at arm's reach.

She filled the air with her cries, but Fred minded her wrath not a bit. Flinging her aside he held out his hand to the terrified Jessie.

"Come with me. Don't mind that old hag," he said. His prowess against the old woman filled her with admiration, and she rose again. At

that interesting juncture two other persons appeared on the scene. They were Dan Scully and Moses Yarnold.

"Alive!" gasped Scully as his eyes rested on Fred.

"Yes, you scoundrel, I am very much alive. Your attempt to murder me failed."

"You're a liar. You slipped off the scaffold yourself."

"I know better; but I'm not going to argue the matter with you. I want nothing more to say to you." At this point Mother Meiggs chipped in with an explanation of the circumstances as they appeared to her. Scully glared at Fred and uttered a string of invectives.

"You take charge of my niece! Well, I guess not. Get away from here or I'll fix you for keeps this time!" he roared. Fred was not intimidated.

"I'll go, but Jessie Drummond goes with me," he replied resolutely.

"Well, I guess not! I'm her uncle and guardian. What right have you to butt in?"

"The right that any man or boy has to protect the innocent and wronged."

"You're a fine knight-errant!" sneered Scully malevolently. "If I lay my hands on you there won't be enough of you left to give an undertaker a job."

"I've no doubt you're capable of any villainy; but we're not in the slums of Toledo now, and I don't fancy you can do as you are accustomed to here."

"I can do enough whether we're in Toledo or not. I see the girl has been blabbin', and I reckon I'll have to learn her another lesson. Drag her out of the boat and take her home, Meiggs," he said to the hag. The woman, with a chuckle of satisfaction, started to obey. Fred immediately sprang between the harridan and the boat, jumped in and picking up an oar gave the little craft a shove.

Mother Meiggs uttered a screech and jumped at the oar like a cat. As her claws fastened about it Fred, in an effort to shake her off, pulled her into the water. Scully, with a terrible imprecation, dashed into the water after the fugitives. He would have been too late but for Mother Meiggs' clutch on the oar, which stopped the progress of the craft and gave the rascal time to seize the gunwhale. Fred in desperation dropped the first oar, seized the other and struck Scully on the shoulders with it.

Scully was no chicken, and the blow only served to make him more furious. To make matters worse for Fred, Yarnold ran up and grabbing the trailing painter pulled the boat's bow to the shore. During it all Jessie cowered down in the stern of the boat, much concerned about the safety of her brave young champion as well as herself. Before Fred could strike Scully again, the rascal seized him by the arms and jerked him down on his knees.

"Take the girl from the boat, Yarnold," he cried, holding the boy in a vise-like grasp. Jessie screamed as the village carpenter proceeded to do Scully's bidding and Fred struggled desperately to get free that he might aid her. Yarnold seized Jessie in his arms and, despite her resistance, carried her to the shore, where the dripping hag grabbed her by the arm and started to drag her

screaming away. Fred tore one hand loose and smashed Scully in the eye.

With a snarl the rascal threw him on his back in the bottom of the boat, and then laying hold of the bow of the little craft shoved it off into the stream. The young inventor regained his feet in time to see the last of Jessie, as she was dragged off by Mother Meiggs, while Scully and Yarnold stood on the shore gazing at him with triumphant satisfaction. His discomfiture was completed when he saw that both oars were gone, and he was drifting down the stream at the mercy of the tide.

"The rascals have got the better of me," he muttered disconsolately. "I wouldn't care for that if it wasn't for the fact that Scully has his niece once more under his thumb, and I dare not think what the villain will do to her after what has happened. If he beats her and I learn of it I'll make things so hot for him that he'll be glad to let her go for good to save himself from a spell in prison. I wonder if Deaseley saw him throw me off the platform at the top of the chimney? He must have seen the act. I must find out and secure his evidence, for my own unsupported testimony would not count against Scully. He could swear that I slipped, and his word would be as good as my own in court. I couldn't convict him of the crime without Deaseley corroborated my statement. Whether Deaseley can or will do that remains to be seen. No, how am I to get ashore without oars in such a rapid stream?"

That was a problem that nonplussed the plucky boy. A mile down the river there was a creek where the village boys were accustomed to fish when they were in the humor to indulge in that sport. As the boat in which Fred sat in disconsolate inactivity approached the creek he saw several boys perched upon the remains of a small wharf close to the river with their lines in the water.

He was close enough to the bank to recognize one of them as his friend Larkins. Springing to his feet he shouted: "Hi! hi! hi! Bob! Oh, Bob!" Bob and the other boys looked in the direction of the hail and they saw the Little Wizard in the boat, floating down the stream.

"Hello, Fred! That you?" answered Bob. "Where are you going?"

"Nowhere. I'm adrift without oars. Can't you fellows do something to get me ashore?" returned Fred. His reply surprised Bob and his associates. They all jumped up at once and looked out at him. Bob started off along the bank on the run to keep pace with the boat. He knew where there was a skiff beached a short distance below, but he wasn't sure there were any oars in her.

At length he came in sight of the little boat and soon reached her. The blades of a pair of oars were peeping over her bows. To unmoor the boat and push off into the river was the work of but a few moments for the sturdy Bob. He seized the oars and rowed out lustily to his friend's rescue. Inside of five minutes he was alongside of Bob's boat.

"How did you get into this scrape, Fred?" he asked.

"Oh, it's quite a story," replied Fred, as with the painter in his hand he stepped into the skiff

and sat down in the stern. While Bob pulled for the shore Fred began to tell him all about the stirring events he had passed through that morning, from his fall from the top of the unfinished chimney to his rescue by Jessie Drummond and his scrap with the Scully crowd that ended in his discomfiture. The boys reached the bank long before Fred had finished, and they sat in the skiff until he did. Bob was astounded at the recital.

"Lord! What a narrow escape you had, Fred."

"Yes, I had a close call. What puzzles me is how I came to reach the river. It is a dozen yards from the base of the chimney, and it seemed to me as if I fell straight down. I don't see how I could fall any other way. If I had wings I might understand how I unconsciously covered the distance between the chimney and the water; but as I haven't the thing is a mystery to me."

It was not until Fred afterward heard how his body had rebounded from the board, which had a certain amount of spring to it, that he understood to what agency he owed his life that fateful morning. Then they got to talking about the girl as they walked back toward the creek.

CHAPTER VI.—The Little Wizard Creates a Sensation.

"I'll bet the whole village has heard by this time that you fell off the top scaffolding of the big chimney into the river," said Bob as they hurried along.

"I wouldn't be surprised. Bad news always travels fast. All I'm afraid is that some busy-body, or perhaps a hand from the works, has carried the news of my supposed death to my mother," said Fred with a sober face. "I hate to think what effect such a shock would have on her."

"How long is it since you took your tumble?"

"About an hour, I should think."

"Every girl in the village would go in mourning if you turned up your toes," laughed Bob.

"I guess not so bad as that."

It was evident that the news of the Little Wizard's mishap had reached the village, for soon after the boys entered the place a man driving a wagon reined in and shouted:

"Hello, Knowles! I heard you fell from the big factory chimney and was drowned in the river."

"I fell, all right, but I wasn't drowned," replied Fred, hurrying on.

"You look as if you'd been in the water with all your clothes on," said the driver, keeping pace with them. "How did it happen?"

"Can't explain anything now. I'm in a rush to get home," said Fred as he and Bob turned off down a side street that led to both their homes. When they crossed Main Street just above the office of the weekly "Standard" they saw a crowd reading something pasted up in the window.

"Gee! I'll bet Saxe has a bulletin up with the news of your tragic death on it," said Bob with a chuckle. "I wouldn't be surprised if he had an extra on the press this minute."

"Oh, you get out," replied Fred. "Who ever heard of Saxe getting out an extra about any-

thing? He wouldn't do it if Squire Parker dropped dead in his office."

"You forget that the Little Wizard is a person of some importance in this place. Look at the notice you got last week."

"That was because you told everybody I had invented a wonderful kitchen device that was going to revolutionize the household. Didn't you promise not to say anything about it?"

"Oh, I didn't say what it was. I put it up to the village to figure that out. I'll bet there isn't a woman in this burg but is wondering what kind of useful article it is. All they know is that it's a labor saver, and that is what they're looking for every time. If I had your head I'd try to think up some mechanical idea that would do all the kitchen work and let the housekeeper sit in the parlor and play on the piano," laughed Bob.

"Yes, I know you'd do a whole lot, Bob, if you could. In a few minutes Fred rushed into his home. The worst he had feared had come to pass. Several women, all of whom had been eager to be the first to break the news to Mrs. Knowles, were in the house, and were busy resuscitating Fred's mother from the swoon they had thrown her into by telling her that her only son had fallen from the big chimney and was drowned in the river.

Fred's unexpected appearance created a panic among them. They thought it was his ghost which had appeared on the scene. Two fell into fits, another fainted dead away, and the rest gazed at him in dismay.

"Mother, mother, I'm all right!" cried the boy, rushing to her side and taking her in his arms. Mrs. Knowles opened her eyes, gave a cry of joy and folded him to her heart. The women afterwards declared that it was the most beautiful tableau they had ever looked at. Fred was mighty angry at the bunch, and refused to make any explanations before them. He asked them to leave as politely as he could, and as they wished to spread the news of the Little Wizard's return to life they hurried off, rather disappointed because they couldn't carry the particulars with them.

Fred told his mother all that had happened to him, and then went to his room to change his clothes. He then hurried away to the bank to see Squire Parker about Scully and Jessie Drummond. Passing the "Standard" office he saw the poster in the window announcing his death as Bob had intimated. He was immediately recognized and surrounded by an excited crowd. The people wanted to know why he was reported dead when it was evident that he wasn't.

"No time to talk," replied the young inventor. "Go in and tell Mr. Saxe that he's got a false alarm in his window." Three minutes later the poster came down. By that time Fred was in the bank asking for Squire Parker. He was shown inside by the porter, who said he had heard that he had fallen from the factory chimney into the river.

"You heard right, but you see I'm not dead," laughed Fred.

"You don't look much like a corpse," chuckled the porter opening the door to the president's office.

"Why, Fred!" exclaimed the squire, jumping up and grasping the boy's hand. "I heard——"

"That I fell from the chimney awhile ago and that my body is in the river," interrupted Fred. "Well, it's true except the latter part. My body's right here, as you can see."

"Sit down and tell me all about it," said the banker. So Fred sat down and narrated everything to him. The squire congratulated him on his good luck.

"That Scully is a scoundrel and must be arrested," he said.

"How am I going to prove the crime against him unless Deaseley become a witness on my side?"

"Deaseley must be seen about the matter."

"If he's a friend of Scully's I can't count on him as a witness."

"I will see that Tibbetts"—that was the head constable of Greenlawn—"questions him closely," said the squire. The first thing is to issue a warrant for Scully. I will do that at once, and send it around to the constable by the porter of the bank."

"I want his housekeeper, Mrs. Meiggs, arrested, too, and brought into court with Jessie Drummond, Scully's niece. She must be rescued from those people. She saved my life, and Mother is going to give her a home with us." The squire said he would include the three in the warrant so as to have them all brought before him that afternoon at his law office, where he held court when it was necessary for him to do so.

Fred said he would be present, and then started back for the scene of his narrow escape. His appearance was greeted with cries of astonishment from the men. He was surrounded and asked to explain how he had escaped. He told them in a few words, and then ran into the office. No one was there, and he knocked on Mr. Jellicot's door.

"Come in," said the junior partner. Fred entered the room and found Mr. Jellicot and Mr. Baldwin talking at the desk.

"My heavens!" exclaimed Baldwin, jumping up. "Is that you, Fred? How did you escape from the river?" Mr. Jellicot swung around in his chair and seized the boy by the hand.

"This is the pleasantest surprise I ever had in my life," he said, shaking Fred's hand warmly. "The account the men brought us of your supposed death fairly staggered Baldwin and myself. We couldn't realize that you fell from the chimney. How did it happen?"

Fred explained.

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed the junior partner, referring to Scully. "Have you had him arrested?"

"The warrant is out," answered Fred. "I can only reach him if Deaseley saw him push me off the platform and is willing to testify to that fact."

"Pressure must be brought to bear on him," said Mr. Jellicot.

"Maybe if you offered to take him back to work on condition that he would tell what he knows it might work. That is merely a suggestion, as I have no right to interfere in your business."

"I'll do it," said the junior partner promptly. "You attend to the matter right away, Baldwin."

Send a man to his house to bring him over here." Mr. Baldwin at once left the room. An hour later Deaseley appeared at the office and was closely questioned by Mr. Jellicot concerning what he knew about Fred's fall. After some hesitation he admitted that he had seen Scully push Fred off.

"Very good. You are willing to swear to that before the squire, are you?" Deaseley reluctantly agreed to do so.

"All right. You can come on in the morning as usual. The foreman will be instructed to put you back to work. I hope you will report on time hereafter. I am giving you another chance on Knowles' account. You ought to be grateful to him. Mr. Jellicot called Mr. Baldwin and told him to take Deaseley to the squire's office and explain that the man was prepared to testify against Scully. Fred was delighted to learn that Deaseley would be a witness on his side, and shortly before two o'clock left to attend court at the squire's office.

CHAPTER VII.—The Stolen Invention.

When Constable Tibbetts reached the Scully cottage with his warrant he found the place locked up. There were no signs of the three persons he wanted anywhere around. He made inquiries of the neighbors and learned that Scully, his niece, and Mrs. Meiggs had gone away in a bunch about half an hour before in a light wagon, driven by Moses Yarnold, with two trunks and two grips, as if bound on some trip.

There was a railroad station at Cloverdale on the M. & Q. trunk line, ten miles away to the north. This road went direct to Toledo in the east and Fort Wayne and other points to the west. Instead of going to Cloverdale, the Scully crowd could have driven to Ardsley, four miles south on the river and there taken the A. & P. short line to Piedmont, on the Maumee River, where they could connect with a boat of the Maumee Navigation Company either for Toledo one way or Fort Wayne the other, or intermediate towns on the river.

It was also possible for them to take the M. & Q. Railroad east or west at Piedmont, or they could cross the Maumee by Ferry and take a train at Billings for any point they chose, south, east or west. Constable Tibbetts next tried to find out whether the light wagon, evidently in charge of Moses Yarnold, was seen going north in the direction of Cloverdale or south, toward Ardsley. After losing an hour he found it had been seen on the road to the latter place. He hastened to a telegraph office and sent a message to the police at Ardsley, another to the police at Piedmont.

Then he went to Squire Parker's office, where he found an impatient crowd awaiting the appearance of the prisoners, and reported that Scully and his people had left Greenlawn, apparently for good, abandoning their furniture, which had been bought on credit at one of the village stores. Fred was not only disappointed on hearing the constable's report, but greatly troubled about Jessie Drummond. He was more interested in the girl than he would admit, and

consulted Squire Parker as to what could be done in the matter.

The squire said nothing could be done at present. He hoped the police at Piedmont would catch the fugitives at that point. If they failed then it was impossible to say whither Scully and the two females had gone. Fred would have suggested Toledo, only that Jessie had given him to understand that Scully was wanted by the authorities of that city for the stabbing affair, so it was hardly likely that he would return to his old stamping grounds as things stood.

The boy would have understood differently if he could have known that Scully had found a letter from Lawyer Parsons, of Toledo, at the cottage when he got there after leaving the works, informing him that he (Parsons) had squared things for him and he could return in perfect safety.

Scully, therefore, having no further use for Greenlawn, and looking for trouble in connection with his attempt on the Little Wizard's life, had hurriedly arranged for immediate departure from the village, Yarnold agreeing to borrow a wagon and take his party, bag and baggage, to Ardsley.

He was thus obliged to give up his connection with the scheme proposed by Yarnold to steal Fred's latest invention.

Yarnold under these circumstances decided to work the job alone, if he could manage it, and pocket all the profit that might result if he was successful.

Next morning Fred learned that the police of Piedmont had failed to capture Scully and his companions, and he felt quite broken up over it.

"It makes me wild to think that Jessie Drummond is still at the mercy of that rascal and the old hag," he said to himself as he made his way to the works. "The poor girl must feel dreadfully discouraged to think she was so close to a new happy life, and then to have the chance snatched away by her tyrants. If I only had the money to hire a detective I might be able to get a clue to her whereabouts, and set the law in motion for her rescue."

Fred was so exercised about Jessie's fate that he neglected his combination knife invention he was about to have patented.

He had written about it to the patent lawyers in Washington who had put his other device through, and they had advised him to send on his drawings and description with the customary fee.

A draughtsman connected with Jordan & Jellicot had made the drawings for him, and he had written out a clear description of the invention himself.

Both the drawings and the description, ready to send away, lay on the bench of his workroom, with the model, which it was not necessary to forward, upon them.

It was Sunday evening, six days since the stirring incidents we have just narrated, and Fred was feeling down in the mouth because telegrams sent to various points had failed to produce any clue to Scully and the two companions of his flight.

He had spent the evening with Bob Larkins, and that young man had asked him when he was going to forward to Washington his application for a patent on his combination knife.

He told Bob he had forgotten about it, but as

everything was ready he would mail the documents to the patent lawyers next day.

On returning home about half-past ten he let himself into the house as usual with his latch-key, and seeing no light downstairs he presumed that his mother had gone to bed.

After bolting the front door he proceeded upstairs to his own room.

On opening the door he was surprised to find the window overlooking the kitchen roof wide open.

"What the dickens does that mean?" he asked himself. "I didn't leave it that way. Wouldn't think of doing so, especially when I'm out. Couldn't be that mother came in here, opened it that wide and then forgot to shut it."

He went over to close it when he discovered that one of the panes had been cut out.

"Good gracious!" he ejaculated, much startled. "Has a thief been in the house?"

He looked around his room and opened his bureau drawers to see if any of his personal belongings were missing.

Nothing appeared to have been disturbed.

Suddenly his mind reverted to the documents connected with his latest invention.

Although he believed they were lying on his work-bench in the next-room where they had remained unnoticed for a week, he decided to make sure of the fact, for he could not understand why the missing pane had been cut out if not to admit some intruder into his room.

He struck a match and entered the little work-room.

One glance at the bench showed him that the documents and the model, also, were missing.

"Stolen!" gasped Fred, gazing blankly at the spot where they had been.

He noticed that another, but unimportant, model was gone, too.

"Who is the thief?" he breathed. "Certainly not a professional, for he would scarcely have wasted time in here when the rest of the house was at his mercy. Who, then? Some one who knows me. Some one in this village who has read and heard about my latest idea, and who had nerve enough, after watching his chance, to break into my room with the sole object of getting away with my idea, intending no doubt to steal a march on me and patent it for his own benefit. How will I discover who this thief is? No doubt he is a sly one and has covered his tracks. What is that?"

An envelope lying on the floor beside the bench attracted his attention.

Stooping down he picked it up and looked at it.

It bore a Toledo post-mark and was addressed to "Moses Yarnold, Greenlawn, Ohio."

"Moses Yarnold, eh? How came that here? Can he be the thief? I should never have suspected that shiftless rascal, though he is capable of stealing most anything he could lay his hands on; but for all that he doesn't strike me as one whose thoughts would run to inventions. Still you never can tell. The presence of this envelope in my room, taken in connection with the cut-out pane and the loss of my drawings, description and model, is suspicious enough to call for an investigation in the direction of Moses Yarnold. I know where he lives, so I think I will go over to his house now and see if I can discover another clue."

Fred shut his window, put on his hat and walked out of the house.

He went around to the kitchen and found that the thief had piled several boards against the addition to help himself up on the roof of the one-story extension.

The young inventor removed them, and examining the ground by matchlight saw the plain imprints of a man's boot.

"My thieving visitor was a man, at any rate," he muttered. "If I fail to discover anything to-night I must notify Squire Parker first thing in the morning and have Yarnold shadowed."

Fred then started for the disreputable carpenter's house.

As he approached the shack where the rascal lived he saw a light shining from one of the windows.

Going up to it Fred peeped into the room.

Yarnold was there with a grip which he was packing.

On a table lay the model of the combination knife and a roll of something done up in a newspaper.

Even as the Little Wizard looked Yarnold stuffed the articles into the top of his grip, locked it and put the key in his pocket.

"So, I've spotted the right man!" muttered Fred. "The rascal is evidently going away on a trip somewhere, and there seems to be no doubt that the object of his journey is to dispose of my invention. It strikes me that somebody is going to be disappointed, and I don't imagine it will be me. I'll bet he's going to Ardsley, where he took the Scully party, to board a train for Piedmont. Rather a late hour to catch a train to-night, if he's going to-night, for it's after eleven. I don't believe there is any passenger train over the short line till to-morrow morning. He's got his hat on and is making preparations to leave the house, so there is no doubt but he intends to make a start presently. Well, I must put a spoke in his wheel before he gets very far. I can't afford to take any chances of his getting off with my property."

At that moment Yarnold turned the light out.

Unfortunately for Fred, the moon was shining brightly at his back.

It cast the reflection of the window, with the boy's head and shoulders silhouetted on it, upon the floor, and Yarnold saw it.

He turned quickly, with an exclamation on his lips, but there was no one at the window, because Fred had turned away to await the man's exit from the building.

Yarnold rushed to the window and looked out.

He saw the little Wizard standing a few feet away and recognized him in the moonlight.

The rascal knew at once that Fred had found out in some way that he had stolen his invention and had come to try and recover it.

"I'll fix him," he muttered.

Letting himself out by the backdoor, instead of the front one, he crept across his weedy yard, climbed over the fence and took a short cut across the back lot for the street beyond, leaving Fred to watch in vain for his exit from the front door.

CHAPTER VIII.—On the Trail of the Thief.

As the moments passed away and Yarnold did not appear Fred grew impatient.

He looked in at the darkened window again, but could see nothing.

The room appeared to be empty.

"He must be doing something in the adjoining room," thought the boy.

Just then he heard somebody approaching down the street.

It proved to be a boy Fred knew well.

"Hello, Fred!" said the newcomer, stopping and looking at the Little Wizard in some surprise. "What are you doing over at this end of the village at this hour?"

"Watching for Moses Yarnold. The rascal broke into my house to-night and stole my latest invention. He's going to skip with it, and I'm waiting for him to come out so as to nab him."

"You'll have a long wait, then, if you stay here," laughed the boy.

"How so?"

"Because I saw Yarnold about two blocks back on Jefferson Street, with a grip in his hand, walking as hard as he could foot it toward the Ardsley road."

"The dickens you did!" cried Fred, aghast. "Are you sure it was him?"

"Positive. I know Yarnold by sight as well as I do you."

"I've been watching the front door ever since he put out the light, and I haven't seen a sign of him."

"He must have left by the back way, then," said the boy.

"But he'd have to come around here to reach the street."

"No, he wouldn't. He could have jumped the rear fence, crossed the lot, gone through Baxter's lane and thus reached Jefferson Street."

"Why should he have taken all that trouble?" asked the puzzled Fred.

"He may have seen you on the watch, or he may have wanted to take a short cut. By going the way I mentioned he saved nearly a block's walk, and he looked as if he was in a hurry."

"Well, that's fierce!" said Fred. "I may have to chase him all the way to Ardsley now. However, I'll chase him all the way to Chicago or elsewhere, if it is necessary, to get my property back. Good-night. I'm off."

Fred started a rapid pace for the next corner, which would take him into Jefferson Street, and that thoroughfare connected with the Ardsley road.

The young inventor didn't meet a soul, or see any signs of Yarnold ahead, till he reached the Ardsley road, then he saw a buggy coming toward him.

He stepped into the road toward the rig and the man reined in.

He proved to be one of the village physicians returning home from a professional visit.

"Good-evening, Dr. Mitchell," said Fred.

"Why, hello, Fred! You're quite a way from your home. Rather a late hour, isn't it, for you to be tramping in the direction of Ardsley? Surely you're not bound there?"

"I'm bound in that direction, and I'm not sure but I may have to go there. I am chasing a thief."

"A thief!" exclaimed the doctor in a surprised tone.

"Yes. Moses Yarnold stole something belonging to me to-night, and I'm after him hot-foot to get it back. You know the man by sight. Did you see him along the road anywhere?"

"I passed a man with a grip in his hand a little way back. I didn't pay any particular attention to him."

"That was the rascal. I must hurry on."

"Hold on. No use of you walking your feet off, for he's likely to beat you to the town. Jump in and I'll drive back till we overtake him, and then you can settle with him, and if necessary I'll help you," said the physician.

"That's very kind of you, doctor," replied Fred gratefully. "I'll accept your offer."

The Little Wizard got in, the doctor turned his rig around and started back at a quick trot.

"It's about time we met him," said Fred after they had gone a mile.

The doctor thought so, too, but kept right on.

Another mile was reeled off and still they didn't meet any one.

"He couldn't have outwalked us, I'm sure," said the physician.

"Maybe he took alarm when he heard us approaching, and not caring to take any chances hid behind the fence till we had passed," said Fred.

"That is probably what he did," replied the doctor, "for in no other way can I account for our failure to overtake him. What will you do now? Return with me?"

"No, sir," replied the young inventor resolutely. "We can't be more than two miles from Ardsley now. If you put me down here I'll lie in wait for him."

"Well, you'd better take my revolver, so as to be on the safe side. You can return it to me tomorrow," said Dr. Mitchell, offering it to the boy.

Fred accepted it with thanks, then the physician turned his horse around and drove toward Greenlawn, leaving the plucky Little Wizard standing in the road.

Squatting down beside the fence Fred waited for an hour, but Yarnold did not appear.

The night was warm and fine, and the air was filled with the monotonous croak of a multitude of frogs, as well as the noises of innumerable nocturnal insects.

These sounds, coupled with the solitude and the fact that Fred was rather tired, made the boy feel sleepy, and he caught himself falling into a doze.

"This won't do," he muttered. "First thing I know I'll be asleep and Yarnold will pass me. I'll keep on toward Ardsley at a slow walk."

He got up and went on along the road.

Fifteen minutes later he was standing in front of the small railroad depot with its freight yard, which was really not a yard in the strict sense of the term, but a succession of branch tracks more or less occupied with freight cars.

A number of men and a locomotive were busy making up a freight train, and Fred, having nothing else to do, sat down on the end of the platform and became an interested observer of a scene new and strange to him.

After a time the red and white switch lights scattered about the yard, and the swinging lanterns of the freight men mingled together in a blurred kind of way, his head sank over on his shoulder, and in a few minutes he was asleep.

The next thing he knew it was broad daylight and somebody was shaking him by the shoulder.

He started up in surprise and recognized an old

Greenlawn acquaintance who was now an engineer on the short line.

"Why, hello, Fred! What in creation are you doing here in Ardsley asleep on the station platform?" said the engineer.

Fred looked at him in a confused sort of way for a moment till his wits got into working order again.

"Oh, it's you, Benson," he said. "Gee! I must have slept half the night here."

"Half the night, eh?" laughed the man. "Isn't this rather a strange place for you to select a bedroom? What are you doing here, anyway?"

Fred explained the reason of his presence in Ardsley.

Benson whistled.

He knew Yarnold well, and knew nothing good of him.

"Too bad you fell asleep, for the rascal has given you the slip."

"How do you know he has?" asked Fred in surprise.

"I'll tell you how I know it. I bring in the early morning freight which leaves Piedmont at four o'clock. The night freight from this place reaches Piedmont before we pull out. I saw Yarnold, with a grip in his hand, get out of an empty box-car on which he had evidently stolen a ride from this town. He asked one of the yardmen to direct him to the wharf of the Maumee River Navigation Company. He apparently wanted to catch the night boat for Toledo, for it stops at Piedmont at five o'clock. He's on the river by this time. As it is probable he will go straight through you can head him off by going to Piedmont by the eight o'clock train. That connects with the express for Toledo and points east. You ought to reach Toledo ahead of the boat, which makes a number of stops along the river. Then you can go to the steamboat dock and meet the boat when it comes in. When your man lands nab him," said the engineer.

"I'll do it. What time is it now?" asked Fred.

"Half-past six. You have an hour and a half to wait before the first train leaves for Piedmont. That will give you time to eat your breakfast. Come over to my house and feed. My wife will be glad to see you."

Fred accompanied Benson to his cottage and breakfasted with him and his family.

He returned to the station in plenty of time to take the train.

When he bought his ticket, which cost him fifty-five cents, he found that he had barely enough funds to carry him to Toledo.

It was necessary for him to have money to return with and pay his expenses in Toledo, so he wrote a brief letter to his mother, explaining the cause of his sudden departure from the village the night before, and asking her to mail him a postal order for \$20 at once, addressed to the general delivery in Toledo.

He mailed the letter at the station, jumped aboard a car and was soon en route for Piedmont.

Fred reached Piedmont at half-past eight.

The express from Chicago, via Fort Wayne, was due at 8:50.

It came in on time and the young inventor boarded it.

At half-past ten it pulled in at the Lake Shore Depot on Hawley Street, Toledo, over two miles,

as the crow flies, from the wharf of the Maumee River Navigation Company, which was in the vicinity of the Walnut Street Bridge.

Fred, on inquiring his way to the dock, was directed to take an electric car to Walnut Street.

Fred got out of the car in front of the Wayne Hotel, on Walnut Street, and following the conductor's directions walked down that street till he came to the bridge, when he turned northward along the water-front and soon came to the dock of the navigation company.

To the boy's satisfaction the boat wasn't in yet, though it was really past her time of arrival, a fact that Fred didn't know.

He waited for nearly an hour, and then inquired again.

The clerk told him they had just received word that the boat was delayed thirty miles up the river by the breaking down of her machinery, and the probability was she wouldn't reach Toledo until very late in the afternoon.

It was nearly one o'clock now, and as he felt hungry he went to a cheap restaurant close by to have his dinner first.

Leaving the restaurant he started to stroll north along the river-front.

The further he went the poorer and more disreputable the buildings and streets became.

As he stood at the corner of C—— Street debating the advisability of continuing his walk an old, villainous-looking woman came down the street and turned in the direction the boy had been going.

Fred caught a good look at her face, and with a gasp he recognized her as Mother Meiggs, the hag who lorded it over Jessie Drummond.

"Gee whiz!" he ejaculated. "She here in Toledo! Then Scully and Jessie must be here also. Here's a chance, maybe, for me to get a clue to their whereabouts. I'll follow the old cat. Perhaps she'll take me to the place where Jessie is now living under the thumb of her rascally uncle. Then I'll appeal to a magistrate to help me rescue the girl from her unfortunate condition."

Thus communing with himself Fred followed after the old harpidan, taking care not to let her get out of his sight.

CHAPTER IX.—Birds of a Feather.

At the very moment when Fred started to follow Mother Meiggs, hoping she would lead him to the place where Scully and Jessie Drummond were to be found, two men of unsavory aspect were seated at a plain deal table in a poorly-furnished room on the second floor of a moldy-looking building standing partly on a foundation of piles overlapping the Maumee River.

Once on a time it had been a fairly respectable sailors' boarding house, but that was so long ago that nobody in the neighborhood remembered the fact except as a tradition.

Its name, "Mariners' Snug Harbor," could still be traced in dim and nearly obliterated letters on a board nailed over the main entrance.

A pair of filthy-looking swing doors hid the interior of the public room from the sidewalk, but passing them a visitor would find himself in a long, low-ceiled, dark room, provided with a small

bar, a number of round tables surrounded with chairs, while beyond was a pool table.

Such was the ground floor of the lodging-house that recognized Dan Scully as its proprietor, and over which he had been the presiding genius, with the exception of his brief enforced absence at Greenlawn, ever since his brother-in-law, Captain Nathaniel Drummond, had left his little daughter Jessie in his care.

The two men seated at the table on the second floor rear of this building were Dan Scully and Noah Parsons.

"So things are bad, eh?" said Parsons, leering across the table at Scully, who was moodily puffing at a black briar root pipe.

"Bad!" growled Scully. "They couldn't be much worse."

"I thought you were making out pretty well here," said the lawyer in a bland, oily tone, rubbing his hands one over the other, as if washing them with invisible soap and water. "I kept an eye on Dick Fitch while you were away in Greenlawn, and saw that he didn't take an undue advantage of his opportunities. Clever lad, Dick is, but no match for me," with a chuckle.

Scully made no reply, but gazed morosely through the dirty window-panes at his elbow.

"This old rookery doesn't cost you much rent, and you ought to have your share of the trade along the waterfront," went on Parsons.

"Business ain't what it was," said Scully after a pause, "and it's gettin' worse every day; but that ain't what's troublin' me."

"What else?" asked the lawyer, leaning forward inquisitively.

"Do you remember Drummond?"

"What, Captain Drummond, the nautical gent that married your sister, and when she died six years ago left his daughter in your charge, sailed away in his ship and never came back?"

"Who else should I mean?" growled Scully.

"What about him? He was lost at sea."

"That's what I supposed."

"Why, wasn't he? You showed me the account in the newspaper."

"He has come back to life," replied Scully gloomily.

"Come back to life! How do you know?"

"I got a letter from him this mornin' bearin' the New York postmark."

Parsons uttered a low whistle.

"Here it is," said Scully, taking an envelope from his pocket and tossing it across the table.

The lawyer picked it up, took out the enclosure and began to read it, while Scully watched him with a scowl on his countenance.

"H'm! Calls you his old friend Dan," said Parsons with a chuckle. "Hopes his daughter is well and growing up a fine girl and a well educated one," with another chuckle. "Crazy to see her once more, and so is coming on to Toledo as fast as the railroad will bring him. Explains his silence for five years by saying that he was wrecked on an island down around Cape Horn, and had to stay there till he was taken off by a vessel bound for New York, where he has just arrived in good health."

Noah Parsons returned the letter to its envelope and tossed it back to Scully.

"He's liable to reach here any minute now," he

said. "This meeting is going to be an awkward one-all around, but especially for you."

"I know it," returned Scully with an uneasy look. "He left me a lot of money to pay for the girl's clothes, schoolin', and such like."

Which has been otherwise appropriated," grinned Parsons.

"When I read in the papers that his vessel was reported lost at sea, and I didn't hear no more from him, I figured that he was dead. I needed the money and——"

"You took it."

"You know I took it. I ain't made no secret about it to you."

"It didn't do you much good."

"No. Worse luck. I showed the girl what the paper said about her father's ship bein' lost with all hands, and though she's been hopin' agin' hope all these years since, the fact that no more letters came from the captain has about convinced her that she's an orphan."

"When you supposed the captain was dead you told her you couldn't afford to keep her at school, so you brought her here and put her to work in one of the factories."

Scully nodded.

"And you've taken her wages and made her keep house for you besides."

"Wasn't that the proper thing to do?"

"It's a wonder sshe stood for it."

"She didn't dare go agin' me. I gave her a lesson once or twice and she ain't forgot it. She knows I won't stand no foolin' from her."

"All of which is going to tell against you when the girl and her father come together," said Parsons. "How are you going to square yourself?"

"I dunno. I sent for you to advise me. You're a lawyer, and about as tricky as they come."

"H'm!" replied Parsons, rubbing his chin and favoring his companion with a sly look. "You can't account in a satisfactory way for the money the captain left with you to spend on his daughter."

"Of course I can't."

"Neither can you wipe out the record of the way you've treated her since you thought her father was dead. If Captain Drummond isn't an uncommonly easy mark he'll have you up before a magistrate as soon as he learns the truth."

Scully uttered a growl like a wild beast at bay.

"The magistrate," went on the lawyer, "on the evidence submitted, will hold you for trial, and when you are tried you will be convicted and sent to prison."

"I didn't send for you to tell me that."

Noah Parsons chuckled.

"You want my advice, eh? I'll give it to you in one word—skip."

Scully uttered a snort.

"And where will I skip to this time? I ain't been back a week, and was gettin' kind of shook down into the old groove, which suits me better'n workin' at my trade, by a long chalk, and now I've either got to face the music or dust out with the girl and the old woman again. I tell you it's——"

The word, a very expressive one, was lost in the smash that he gave the table with his brawny fist.

"There isn't any help for it that I can see," replied Parsons blandly, taking out his watch and consulting it. "The Chicago express from New York over the Lake Shore is due here about seven.

The nautical gent may be on it. The chances are he will be, according to his letter. We may figure that he will go to a hotel first before he tries to find you. No matter how anxious he is to see his little girl he'll want to get his dinner first. It will probably be eight o'clock by the time he registers at some house in the neighborhood of Walnut Street. It will take him an hour, say, to dine. He hasn't been in this town for six years and he'll know that things have changed in that time along the river-front. All nautical individuals know that the water-front isn't the sweetest place in the world, nor the healthiest, for a stranger to wander after dark. Under such conditions, especially as he won't expect to find his little girl down round the slums, if he's sensible, he'll put off visiting you till morning."

"It won't take long for mornin' to get here," grunted Scully.

"No; but between this and to-morrow morning you ought to get things packed and be ready to take a boat from Craddock's Dock for Fort Wayne, with the girl and the old woman in tow."

"Which means I'll have to turn and sling brick and mortar again," growled Scully with a smothered imprecation.

"You ought to be able to find a factory somewhere for the girl to make herself useful. She's old enough to help keep the pot boiling for you. I'll see the nautical gent and tell him you've taken his little girl on a pleasure trip somewhere and there isn't any telling when you'll be back. I'll advise him to return to New York and wait till he hears from you."

"I'm thinkin' he won't care to follow your suggestion. He may make inquiries around the neighborhood and then he's liable to learn a thing or two that won't jibe with your story. After that he may go to the police. They've got my record."

"Yes, they've got it—he! he! he!" chuckled the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "If it wasn't you have me at your back where would you be, eh?" Scully knew well enough that it was Parsons' pull that protected him. He was even now under a five-years' suspended sentence that might become active under certain conditions in spite of the lawyer's influence.

"If Captain Drummond learns what my record is, and also that his daughter has been livin' right along in this crib, there'll be somethin' doin'," continued Scully. Noah Parsons scratched his chin, as he always did when things looked ugly, and after some thought said:

"I'm afraid you'll have to quit Toledo for good to be on the safe side. The coming of the nautical is a snag I can't see my way around. If he has any money, which I suppose he hasn't after being wrecked——"

"He'll get his share of the marine insurance on the 'Golden Dream,' which his shippin' firm has, of course, collected long ago, for he owned a third interest in the vessel, and that will be quite a tidy sum."

"If he has money, then, he'll be able to put detectives on your track." Scully scowled.

"You'll have to change your name, and the girl's name, too. I'd advise you to go to Chicago and lose yourself there."

"Where's the money to come from to do all this? I can't sell out here in a minute."

"Give me a bill of sale of your property in this house and I'll give you something on account. I'll sell the stuff and when you send me your address, I'll forward you what's coming to you. I don't see that you can do any better," said the lawyer with a sly look.

"All right, Parsons; I'll do as you say," replied Scully, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and putting it in his pocket. "Bring your paper and I'll sign it."

"You're sensible," said Parsons with a cunning leer. "I'll come back to-night around eight or nine o'clock with the document. In the meantime pack up everything you intend to take and have it ready for the expressman to cart to the dock first thing in the morning."

CHAPTER X.—In the "Mariners' Snug Harbor."

In the meantime Fred Knowles was following Mother Meiggs along the river-front, and the old hag never dreamed that she was being shadowed. She kept straight on at a shuffling gait that spoke of age, though the crone could be active enough when something aroused her.

At length she reached her destination, which was a side door leading into a long, dark entry that reached from the front to the back of the building bearing the faded sign of the "Mariners' Snug Harbor." She pushed open the door, entered and the door swung to after her. Fred, who was on the opposite side of the way, stopped and took a good look at the crazy structure. He had a sharp eye and easily made out the name of the establishment.

"That settles," he muttered. "That's the 'Mariners' Snug Harbor' Jessie told me that Scully is proprietor of, and where she has lived for the last five years under the thumb of her rascally uncle and the old hag. I never dreamed when I set out for this town that I would discover a clue to girl's enforced abiding place. It's a tough-looking joint, all right, and I don't wonder the police have it under their eye and have had cause to raid it. Now the question is, what shall I do next? Now that I know where Jessie is I hate to let her stay in such a crib a moment longer than I can help; but I've got Yarnold on my hands, and I can't afford to lose track of him, or I may be dished out of my invention. I'll have to attend to him first and then I'll devote my energies to Jessie's rescue."

He made a note of the nearest street to the "Mariners' Snug Harbor," though he felt sure he could easily recognize the building again, then turned around and retraced his steps towards Craddock's Dock, used by the Maumee River Navigation Company. As he neared the wharf he saw a steamer coming down the river, and guessed that must be the delayed boat. As soon as he reached the dock he found it was. He secured a post of vantage and waited for the boat to come in and the passengers to land.

Fifteen minutes later the gangplank was run ashore, and the small crowd of passengers who had come to Toledo by water instead of by rail began to hurry ashore. Yarnold kept with the

rush, and Fred didn't notice him till he was nearly off the wharf.

"I'm afraid my sudden appearance is going to give him a shock," chuckled Fred, picturing the rascal's surprise and consternation on finding himself outwitted. He started after Yarnold, but at that moment a transfer wagon drove between him and the object of his pursuit, and he had to walk around it, only to find another team in his road. By the time he had extricated himself Yarnold had got out of his sight.

Fred was mad enough to chew a tenpenny nail. Looking up and down the thoroughfare he finally saw Yarnold half a block ahead on the other side of the way, walking north. That was the direction in which the "Mariners' Snug Harbor" lay. Fred chased after him at a rapid pace, expecting to see him turn up one of the streets that ended at the river thoroughfare.

He didn't, but kept straight on. Yarnold walked fast, and Fred closed slowly with him, as he didn't want to run. Fred was so interested in the pursuit that he didn't notice he had got back to the vicinity of Scully's lodging-house until Yarnold suddenly cut across the street and entered the main doorway of the "Mariners' Snug Harbor." Fred pulled up and looked blankly at the swing door.

"Blessed if he hasn't gone in there!" he breathed. "That means he probably intends to take counsel with Scully. He did the rascal several turns in Greenlawn, and now maybe he wants Scully to reciprocate. This rather complicates matters. I wonder what time it is?" The clock of a near-by beer saloon indicated that the hour was five. Fred was at a loss what move to make next.

He was afraid he would attract attention if he openly hung around the neighborhood, so he entered a dirty, ill-smelling entry nearly opposite Scully's establishment, and from the shadow of the door he watched for Yarnold to come out. The day, which was a cloudy one, seemed to grow gloomier as evening drew near.

Pale-looking gas jets began to flicker in the saloons and tenement houses within range of Fred's vision, and it was getting quite dark by the time the public room of the "Mariners' Snug Harbor" was lit up. Fred was by this time heartily tired of shadowing the outside of the building, and he finally decided to take the risk of entering the place by way of the side door and see if he could find out what Yarnold was doing. He walked down to the next corner, crossed over and came back along the river.

Reaching the door through which he had seen Mother Meiggs enter he went in, and found himself in the entry, which was as dark as the ace of spades. After listening he struck a match and saw a staircase before him. Everything looked dark above.

"If I'm going to continue my investigations it will have to be upstairs. That is evidently where Yarnold is with Scully, and where that hag and Jessie are also." So upstairs Fred went with due caution, reaching the first landing. Striking a match he looked around and saw several closed doors. He walked toward one of the front doors and as he stood hesitating whether to run the risk of opening it, the door of a rear one opened and two men came out.

"I'll leave my grip here till we come back," said a voice he recognized as Yarnold's. "It will be safe, won't it?"

"Sure, it will," replied the other in tones that were undeniably Scully's. The men went downstairs and entered the public room, banging the door after them.

"What luck!" breathed Fred. "He's left his grip in that room, and my property is in it. I must try to recover it at any hazard." Not knowing how long Yarnold and Scully were going to remain below he got a hustle on. Entering the room they had left he found a lamp dimly burning on a table. This was the room in which Scully and Parsons had held their interview that afternoon. Fred looked hastily around for Yarnold's grip and saw it standing in a corner.

"I'll have to cut it open," he said, feeling for his knife. Pulling the grip toward him his heart gave a jump when he saw the key in the lock. To open it was the work of a moment. His small flat model and the roll which he believed contained his drawings and description were right on top of a lot of wearing apparel.

Opening the roll to make sure he found he was right in his conjecture. Making a flat package of the two papers he shoved them with the model into his pocket, with a chuckle of triumph, relocked the grip and returned it to the corner.

"Now to leave the building, get my supper and then see the police about Jessie," said Fred to himself. "It isn't safe for me to monkey around this crib any longer." He opened the door to go when he heard the footsteps and the voices of Scully and Yarnold coming up the stairs. He was about to dart into the dark landing when he saw a light coming down the staircase from above, and a second looked showed him the outline of Mother Meiggs.

"Gee! I'm caught between two fires!" exclaimed the startled Fred. "What shall I do? It is likely to go hard with me if they catch me in here." He saw a door standing slightly ajar. It appeared to be his only avenue of safety, so he opened it and walked into a roomy closet, littered with various odds and ends. He pulled the door shut. The sharp snap of a spring lock followed, and he realized he was a prisoner.

CHAPTER XI.—The Unwelcome Visitor.

There was a wide crack in the door through which Fred could see into the room. Scully and Yarnold came in noisily.

"Now I guess I'll be off, Dan," said Yarnold. "I want to get my dinner and then catch the 8:40 express for New York."

"Well, good luck to you, old man. I hope you'll make a haul out of that invention. You played the march on the boy rather cleverly. Little fear that he'll get on your track now. I shall expect to see you in Chicago later on. Drop a letter to Dan Bryant, general delivery, and I'll get it."

"All right. I'll do it," replied Yarnold, picking up his grip. The two men shook hands and Scully saw his companion as far as the head of the stairs, then he went into the front room on the same floor, and through the thin partition

Fred could hear him and Mother Meiggs talking together and moving things about. The Little Wizard found on investigation that he couldn't get out of the closet without breaking a panel out of the door.

Nearly an hour passed before he heard Scully go downstairs. Mother Meiggs, however, remained, and Fred waited impatiently for her to go back upstairs. She appeared to be in no hurry, and seemed to be busy over something. As a matter of fact, she was packing Scully's trunk for the morning departure. Scully had gone downstairs to relieve his assistant, Dick Fitch, from duty.

As there was no one in the public room at the time he took his seat at the table in the rear corner of the room under the glazed window and proceeded to read the evening paper. As the clock pointed to the hour of eight, a well-built, heavily-bearded stranger of middle age entered the room. He had a bluff, breezy air about him, and a certain rolling gait that indicated a close connection with the sea, though he was dressed in a new suit of shore togs. The stranger walked down the room, and Scully hearing his footsteps, looked up.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked in a rather uncivil tone.

"I want to see Mr. Scully, if he's on the premises," said the stranger.

"What do you want with Mr. Scully?" the rascal asked cautiously.

"That's my business," replied the newcomer curtly.

"What's your name?"

"Cap'n Nat Drummond." Scully was fairly paralyzed by the announcement of the stranger's identity. He hadn't expected to see Captain Drummond that night, even if the skipper arrived in town by the Lake Shore express, consequently he was so staggered by his sudden coming that he hardly knew what to say or do.

"Why, Nat, is it really you?" Scully exclaimed, springing up and offering his hand. Captain Drummond flashed a look of surprise at Scully, but as the light above shone athwart the rascal's hard features the familiar expression showed itself.

"Dan, can this really be you?" he said, taking his brother-in-law's hand in a hesitating way.

"It's me all right," replied Scully, with as pleasant a smile as his rufianly features could assume. "Sit down, Nat, and make yourself at home."

"Well, well, you've changed a good bit since we parted; but, bless you, I'm glad to see you after all these years. I've changed, too. Got more hair on my face and less on my head, perhaps," said the skipper as he seated himself opposite Scully.

"You certainly have altered a lot, Nat. I didn't know you at first. Then you see I wasn't looking for a visit from you to-night. I thought if you came by the Chicago express you'd go right to a hotel and come here in the mornin'."

"I did go to a hotel and had my dinner there," said Captain Drummond; "but, bless your heart, Dan, I couldn't wait till morning without a sight of my little girl." His voice quavered and his eyes grew moist as he mentioned his daughter.

"You don't know how I long to clasp her in

my arms," he went on. "Why, it's six years since I last saw her! Six years—think of that, Dan! Then she was a little girl, now she must be almost a young woman. I shall hardly know her with long skirts on. How is she? Well and happy, eh?" with great eagerness.

"Sure," replied Scully, hardly knowing what he said.

"You must have laid out a lot on her, Dan," said the captain, his heart warming toward the rascal. "I didn't leave you more'n half enough to meet the expense you've been put to. But then you see I didn't expect to be away so long. Only two years or so. I didn't count on being cast away on a desolate bit of island south of Patagonia. But don't worry about that, Dan. I'll make it up to you. Ay, ay, every cent. I've a tidy bit of money. You make out your bill, down to the last cent, and I'll pay it."

"You can't see her to-night, Nat," said Scully, hastily. "The school is out of town some distance. You'll have to wait till mornin'. Come around here at nine o'clock to-morrow. Or you wait for me at the hotel. Maybe that would be better. I'll call around with a buggy and drive you out to the school." In the morning at nine he counted on being aboard the steamboat with Jessie, bound up the river, and then he felt he could snap his fingers at his brother-in-law.

"Very good, Dan," nodded Captain Drummond. "And now tell me, how are things coming on with you, Dan? I didn't expect to find this place looking so bad as it is. Six years ago it had an altogether different appearance. I must say that it doesn't look prosperous, Dan. Are you in want of money? If you are say the word, and I'll lend you a hundred or two to put you on your feet, besides paying all my little girl's expenses that you've had to advance out of your own pocket."

As Captain Drummond spoke he pulled a fat wallet out of his pocket and exhibited a wad of notes that made Scully's mouth fairly water. It made another person's mouth water, too. That individual was Noah Parsons, the rascally lawyer. While approaching the "Mariners' Snug Harbor" a little while before he had observed a man ahead of him who seemed to be a stranger to the neighborhood. When he saw this man stop in front of Dan Scully's establishment, and after gazing at it in a puzzled kind of way enter the public room, he jumped to the correct conclusion that the stranger was the expected Captain Drummond.

Glancing in at the front door he saw the meeting between Dan and the father of Jessie, and observed that they presently got into conversation at the table. Noah Parsons immediately felt a strong desire to overhear what they were talking about, and being a sneaky individual, by nature, he lost no time in entering the house unobserved, as he thought, but the entry street door. He passed swiftly down the entry to the rear where a small glass window opened on the public room above the table at which Scully and the captain sat.

Opening the window a bit he stood there and listened to the greater part of the conversation we have already recorded. He was, therefore, in a position to see the wad of bills displayed by Captain Drummond when the honest old skipper offered to lend his brother-in-law a part of it. Twenty minutes before, the Little Wizard, taking

advantage of the opportunity afforded him by Mother Meiggs going upstairs, had burst his way from the closet. Without wasting a moment he ran downstairs, but just as he reached the foot of the staircase his escape was cut off by the entry of Noah Parsons through the side door, as we have seen.

Fred retreated to the rear of the entry, expecting that the intruder would go upstairs; but he didn't. He followed Fred, unconscious of his presence, and the boy, squeezing himself into a corner near the back door, hardly hoped to avoid discovery. The rascally lawyer, however, was intent on overhearing what was passing between Scully and Captain Drummond, and did not suspect the presence of any one in the entry.

Fred, with bated breath, watched him open the little window and stand in a listening attitude, all the while wondering what his game was. After muttering his thoughts aloud Parsons went to the door opening on the public room, stuck his head in, caught Scully's eye and beckoned to him. Excusing himself to the captain, Dan walked to the door.

"Come this way, Dan," he said leading him down near the window and close to the spot where Fred was hugging the wall.

CHAPTER XII.—"Dead Men Tell No Tales."

"What d' ye want, Parsons?" growled Scully. "If it's to tell me about that paper you want me to sign you can wait a while till I get rid of the party inside," and he jerked his thumb toward the partition of the public room. As it was pitch dark in the entry that bit of pantomime was wasted effort.

"So you've got a visitor, eh, Dan?" chuckled the artful lawyer, "Who is he?"

"Never you mind who he is," grunted Scully. "He's goin' away in a minute."

"He! he! he!" chuckled Parsons again. "Don't want to tell me, eh? Just as if I didn't know it was a certain nautical gent from foreign parts. Somebody that's been living by himself on an Island near Cape Horn these five years back. Somebody come to inquire about somebody else. Turned up unexpected. Isn't that it, Dan?"

"How in thunder did you learn all that?" said Scully in a tone of surprise.

"How do I learn lots of things, Dan, that turn me in a pretty penny? By using my eyes and ears."

"You're a sharp one, Noah," said Scully. "I reckon you could look through an inch board if you wanted to get on to what was doin' on the other side."

"He! he! he! You flatter me, Dan. I can't see through a board, but I can see through a window, when there's one at hand."

"What d'ye mean by that?"

"When I saw through the front door that you and the nautical gent were having quite a friendly chat together I thought I'd like to hear what you were talking about. So I came in here, Dan, where I knew there was a window close to the table, and I used my eyes and ears to the best advantage, as I always do."

"Well, blame me, if you ain't a reg'lar Paul Pry!"

"That's a fine pocketbook the captain has, Dan; very fine, and fat. There must be a thousand dollars in it if there's a cent."

"Oh, you seen that, too?"

"How could I help seeing it when he opened it up wide and gave us both a peep at the rich green lining? I noticed that the top bill was a fifty, and the second a fifty also, and the third another fifty. Maybe they're all fifties."

"What of it?" replied Scully crustily. "It ain't your money or mine."

"No, but it ought to be. A thousand dollars don't come our way every day."

"I'll swear it doesn't come my way," said Scully with an imprecation.

"All the more reason why we oughtn't to let it slip through our fingers, Dan. Do you understand?"

"We! What do you mean?"

"You and me, of course, Dan. We're pals, aren't we? I'm just giving you a hint. You're going to skip up the river in the morning, aren't you?"

"Sure thing."

"Of course you are, and with your capital start afresh in some new place."

"My capital! What are you givin' me? I haven't any capital outside what the odds and ends in this place'll fetch at auction."

"But somebody else has, Dan. We both know who, eh?"

"Do you mean Drum—"

"Not so loud, Dan! He might hear you. They say walls have ears."

"Well, you mean him, of course."

"He's the man. What's easier than—"

"No, no, Parsons; I'm pretty bad, but rob the captain—that's layin' it on too thick. Why, he offered to loan me \$200. I dare say he'd make it another century if I said I needed it."

"He! he! he! S'pose he did, that wouldn't do me any good. I need money, too. What's a paltry \$300 when there's \$700 more maybe that we might have without any trouble? Never let a good thing get away from you. That's my motto. That pocketbook is a good thing. See here, Dan, it's a muggy night and the captain will relish something hot. Mix some of the drops out of your black bottle with the liquor. He won't taste the stuff. Inside of five minutes he'll be as sound as a bell."

"But when the captain woke up in the mornin' and found both me and his wallet gone he'd put the police on my trail for a certainty."

"Of course he would. He knows he couldn't find the school where you told him his little girl is learning the extras and so forth without you took him there as you promised to do in the mornin'," chuckled the lawyer. "It might be kind of awkward if you found a detective waiting to arrest you when the boat reached Fort Wayne. That might happen whether you took that \$1,000 or not. The captain is just the kind of man to move heaven and earth to find his little girl, as he calls her. You're in a bad hole, Dan; much worse than I thought. If I was in your shoes I'd make sure that the captain wouldn't bother me any more."

"How would you do it?"

"How? Easy enough. After I had drugged him, and taken the pocketbook, I'd drop him into the river. The tide will carry him down stream."

"You'd murder him?" shivered Scully.

"Dead men tell no tales, Dan," whispered Parsons. "Dead men don't give chase after steamboats. Dead men never turn up at unwelcome times to ask awkward questions that you can't answer without incriminating yourself." He saw that no matter what course he pursued to escape Captain Drummond he would always be in danger as long as his brother-in-law was alive and well.

"Can't you think of no way to help me out except that?" he said with a shiver.

"I don't know of anything else that is half so sure," replied the lawyer. At that moment Fred, who had listened eagerly to every word spoken by the two men, shifted the weight of his body from one foot to the other, and in doing so shoved the latter foot forward. Possibly the slight noise he made might have escaped notice but for the fact that he unfortunately stepped on a wayward match.

In a moment there was a sharp crack and a blaze of light. Dan Scully and the lawyer started as if some venomous reptile had bitten them unexpectedly in the dark and looked in the direction of the sound and flash. The momentary illumination lit up the form of the boy staring at them. Scully flashed a match which revealed Fred in the act of creeping past them. The two rascals flung themselves upon the boy and bore him to the floor.

CHAPTER XIII.—Doomed to Death

Fred put up a vigorous resistance, but having been taken somewhat by surprise, coupled with the odds against him, Dan Scully alone being more than his equal, he was soon lying flat on his back at the mercy of the two men.

"Strike a light, Dan, and let's see who he is," said the lawyer. Scully struck a match and held the flame close to Fred's face. With a gasp of astonishment he recognized the young inventor of Greenlawn—the boy he had thrown from the tall chimney and whose life had been spared in such a miraculous way.

"So it's you, is it?" he gritted savagely.

"Who is it, Dan?" asked Parsons, for Scully's exclamation seemed to indicate that he knew the young boy.

"A young whelp from Greenlawn," gritted Scully. "He's taken a shine to my niece and has come to this town to get her away from me."

"Look here, young man, what do you mean by spying around here in the dark?" asked the lawyer, releasing his hold on Fred's neck a bit so he could answer.

"I haven't been spying," answered Fred doggedly.

"Did you hear what we were talking about? No lies, now."

"I did."

"What's to be done with him? We can't let him go, for he knows too much."

"Do you mean we must kill him?" gasped Scully, who bad as he was, had heretofore drawn a line at blood spilling.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

"Maybe we can swear him to silence."

"We can't afford to take chances. If he hadn't accidentally stepped on that match he'd have had

us where the hair is short; now we've got him dead to rights. We must not lose our advantage. Get me a piece of line, Dan, and a towel. We'll bind and gag him. Then we'll take him down among the piles and tie him to one of them. There we'll leave him to fight it out with the tide."

"He'll be found there in the mornin', and suspicion will fall on me, especially as the police will learn that I have left for parts unknown."

"Why should he be found here in the morning? It's high tide at one o'clock. A few minutes will settle his account with the world. As soon as we're sure we have nothing to fear from him we can cut him loose and let him float away. He'll be miles down the river when he's found. With no marks of violence on him the verdict of the jury will be death by drowning—fell into the river or committed suicide."

"I wish there was some other way of dealin' with him," said Scully reluctantly.

"There isn't any other way," replied the lawyer sharply. "It's his life against our safety. Get the rope and the towel, and be lively about it."

"Can you hold him? He's a stout lad."

"Strike another match, Dan, and I'll show you." Scully struck the match.

"Catch him by the throat so he can't yell." Jessie's uncle did so. Parsons put his hand in his breast pocket and drew out an ugly-looking clasp-knife. Opening the big blade he held the point within an inch of Fred's eyes.

"See that, you young spy? Utter one cry, or make a struggle, and I'll jab it into your heart—understand?" Fred understood, for in the expiring gleam of the match he saw the glint of murder in the lawyer's eye, and he felt the scoundrel would make good his threat.

"Now, go Dan, and don't waste any time," added Parsons to his confederate, and Scully slouched away in the dark. During the short space of time that the proprietor of the house was away Fred's mind was busy with the desperate position in which he found himself placed. The presence of that knife which he couldn't see, yet which he instinctively felt was poised above his heart, held him in subjection.

In a few minutes Scully returned with a towel and a length of clothesline. With the help of the lawyer he gagged the boy and bound his arms behind his back. Then they pulled him on his feet, forced him out through the rear door of the entry on a small landing with stairs leading down into the mud and water. A small boat was tied to the stairs and into this they dragged the boy.

Catching hold of the outer line of piles they drew the boat under the building as far as the second line of wooden supports. A heavy beam ran horizontally across these. It was dank with moisture and covered with slimy green weeds to which were attached here and there bunches of small black mussels. The high tide mark showed plainly more than a foot above this beam. The two men laid Fred upon this support and bound him as securely as possible to it.

"How do you like your bed?" chuckled the lawyer. "Do you hear the lapping of the water? It is rising inch by inch. By and by you'll feel it under your back. When it reaches your mouth it will put you to sleep, and that will finish you. This is what you get for butting in where you are not wanted. Now good-night, and pleasant dreams

to you." The boat floated away, carrying the two rascals in it. In a few moments the lawyer retied it to the stairs and stepped out, followed by Scully. After that nothing broke the silence but the ripple of the water as it eddied around the score or two of piles surrounding him.

CHAPTER XIV.—What Jessie Saw in the Public Room.

Now that Fred found himself alone and face to face with his fate he did not waste any of his precious moments of his allotted span of life in worrying over his desperate and apparently hopeless situation, but resorted to instant action in the endeavor to outwit his enemies and save his own life. There is an ancient saying, the groundwork of one of Aesop's fables, that "Heaven helps those who help themselves," and Fred, though he had never heard of it, proceeded to put it into practice.

He had no intention of tamely submitting to the murderous designs of the two scoundrels in the building above his head. So he began a struggle with the bonds that held him a prisoner to the cross-beam. In his first efforts to free his hands from the line he cut his fingers on the sharp shells of a bunch of mussels he was lying on. While resting for a few minutes the smarting of the cut put an idea into his head. He determined to see if he could fray the rop across the shells. While he was thus engaged Dan Scully was mixing a hot drink at the bar for Captain Drummond, who had announced his intention of returning to his hotel, there to await Dan's appearance in the morning with a buggy to take him to the imaginary boarding-school where he supposed his daughter Jessie was finishing her education.

Into the hot drink Scully put a sufficient quantity of chloral, or "knock-out drops," to paralyze the honest skipper's faculties. Noah Parsons stood by the little window opening into the entry and watched his associate in guilt prepare the drink that was to render the skipper an easy prey to their villainy. But for the fact that Scully knew that the lawyer was watching his every action he might have wavered in his purpose. While these events were taking place downstairs Jessie Drummond was in her room on the top floor replacing the few things she had taken out of her trunk after her hurried return from Greenlawn.

Mother Meiggs, after supper, had informed her that the three of them were going to leave Toledo in the morning, early, and that she must get her things ready for moving. The old woman made no explanation of this sudden change in their affairs, and Jessie knew that it would be useless to ask her. Little did she dream, as she packed her few meager possessions, that her father, whom she had given up as dead, was at that moment downstairs in the public room talking to his treacherous brother-in-law.

Her thoughts were busy, not with her occupation, but with the bright boy whose life she had saved from the river near Greenlawn, and who she supposed was still in that little village. She treasured every word he had spoken to her, every glance he had given her that fateful morning,

and her young heart reached out to him in mute appeal. Her heart intuitively told her that she could trust him implicitly, but she hardly dared hope she would ever see him again. As she dwelt on his offer of a home and protection and his plucky efforts to save her from Mother Meiggs and her uncle she cried softly to herself.

The longer she thought about him, and the prospect of never seeing him again, the worse she felt. At length her feeling overpowered her and she grew desperate. She did not know where Scully was going to take her this time, but she was sure it would be far from Greenlawn.

"I can't bear the idea of never seeing Fred again," she moaned. "He is the only friend I have in the world. If I lose him I want to die. He is so good, so brave. I feel that I love him very dearly, though I only met him once. Oh, dear! I cannot let these wicked people take me where I shall never, never hear of him again. Oh, father, father, if you had only lived how different everything would be!" She burst into a passionate flood of tears, which, instead of calming her, served to render her more desperate. At last she sprang to her feet, with a new resolve blazing in her eyes.

"I will dare all and run away this very night—now." She seized her hat and, opened her door and listened. She heard Mother Meiggs moving about in her room. Softly passing out into the corridor she slipped over to the stairway. She flew noiselessly down the two flights and ran to the entry door. Her heart sank when she found it locked and the key gone. The only way out was through the public room, and she supposed her uncle was there and would most assuredly see and head her off.

She went to the door leading into the room, determined to see where Scully was. As she was about to open it slightly it occurred to her that the small window, the same that Parsons had used to overhear what was going on between his confederate and the captain, would answer her purpose better. So she went to the window and opening it a little peeked into the public room. What she saw startled her and took away her breath.

At a table within a few feet of the window were three persons. One was her uncle, and at his elbow, bending over him like a bird of ill omen, was Noah Parsons, a man she feared and detested. The third person was a heavily-bearded stranger, for she did not recognize him as her father, leaning in apparently drunken stupor over the table. Scully was stooping above the unconscious stranger in the act of drawing a thick wallet from his inside pocket.

Never before had she seen such a rascally look on her uncle's countenance. Jessie watched the robbery of the senseless man like one in a dream. As soon as Scully got the pocketbook in his fingers he and Parsons fell back in their chairs as if controlled by one piece of mechanism.

"Open it, Dan; open it, and let us count the cash," said the lawyer eagerly. Scully lost no time in doing so, and then Jessie saw that it was full of money. Her uncle took the bills from their receptacle and began to count them.

"There's more than a thousand, Dan!" cried Parsons as Scully proceeded. "They're all fifties. Maybe there's two thousand. Think of that, Dan

—a thousand a piece!" Suddenly the bills changed from fifty-dollar ones to double that value. The lawyer sprang forward.

"Hundreds, Dan! They're coming in hundreds now!" he cried. "Maybe they'll run higher. Maybe we shall find a couple of \$500 ones. What a great thing it is to have one's brother-in-law, whom you thought dead and buried in the sea, come back alive and hearty with a wad of money for you to take charge of and divide with your old pal, Noah Parsons! Ah, it is beautiful—beautiful! Over \$3,000, and still they come! It will never do for him to wake up and learn he has lost his money. No, no; dead men sleep soundly, Dan. They never wake up to ask unpleasant questions. It will soon be high tide in the river. We'll send him to keep that young spy company. But before we get rid of him it will be well to make sure that he doesn't escape the water a second time," said the lawyer in a hoarse whisper, taking his clasp-knife from his pocket and opening the ugly blade.

"No, no, Parsons!" cried Scully, laying one hand on his arm. "I won't have it."

"Fool! Coward! Think of the discovery that must come to-morrow if you leave him here! There's six \$500 bills in that bunch—\$5,000 altogether. That's \$2,500 each. Give me my share and I'll attend to him, while you can go to bed."

"No, I tell you!" cried Scully feverishly. "I have robbed him—Heaven knows it bad enough; but he shall not be killed."

"Shall not?" snarled Parsons, grabbing the knife he had laid on the table. "I tell you our safety depends on his death. If you are white-livered I am not. I am involved in this thing as well as you. If you are arrested for this you're just the man to squeal on me. He must die and go into the river, do you understand?"

"I say he shall not!" exclaimed Scully, springing to his feet. "One murder is enough for to-night. I won't get that boy off my mind for a month. I can see him now tied to that beam struggling to free himself from the rope while the water is rising about his mouth and choking him."

"Fool! Are you mad?" hissed Parsons, glaring balefully at his companion.

"Mad! No, I'm not mad; but I should be if I helped you kill the husband of my dead sister—the father of Jessie upstairs, who came into this crib to-night lookin' for her, only to be drugged and robbed by the man he trusted." As the last word fell from his lips a shrill scream awoke the echoes of the room. The two rascals turned panic-stricken to see the face of Jessie Drummond framed in the little window, staring at them in frantic horror.

CHAPTER XV.—Exit Mr. Scully.

Noah Parsons was the first to recover from the shock produced by Jessie's scream, and with an imprecation, before Scully made a move, he rushed into the entry and seizing the shrieking girl dragged her into the public room.

"Be quiet, or it'll be worse for you!" hissed the lawyer in the terrified girl's ear.

"No, no!" she cried, struggling fruitlessly in his arms. "My father is alive and has come for me. You and Mr. Scully have robbed him and

you want to kill him; but you shall not—no, you shall not!" and the frantic Jessie uttered another scream that awoke the echoes of the house and reached the street outside.

"You will have it, eh?" gritted the furious lawyer, who foresaw discovery, arrest and a prison before his eyes. "You won't be quiet when I order you to? You shall suffer for it!" He seized her by the throat and one arm and dragged toward the table. Scully, who had been dazed by the unexpected appearance of his niece and her outcries, now came out of his trance.

"What are you goin' to do, Parsons?" he cried. "Give me the girl!"

"She's got to die and go into the river with her father!" snarled the lawyer.

"Kill Jessie! No, no!" objected Scully.

"You fool! There is no other course. She is a witness against us, for she has seen all and knows all." He reached for his clasp-knife as he spoke. The sight of the gleaming blade maddened Scully, and with a roar he rushed at the lawyer. His foot caught in the captain's legs and he pitched forward straight at the pool table, like a stone from a catapult. His temple came into contact with the sharp edge of the table and he fell to the floor like a log, rolled over and lay as still as a dead man.

The lawyer, holding Jessie, bent over the edge of the table and glared down at him. Scully's mishap rattled him for the moment and his fingers slipped away from the girl's throat. Jessie immediately gave utterance to another thrilling scream. That arouse the lawyer to a sense of his danger, and with a terrible imprecation he grabbed the knife. Jessie read her fate in his eyes and screamed despairingly.

At that tense moment the side door was thrown open and Fred, wet, with bleeding hands and disordered clothing, dashed into the room. With a cry he sprang upon the lawyer, seized the wrist of the uplifted arm and arrested the blow. As Parsons turned upon him he struck the rascal with his left a blow in the face that caused him to loosen his grasp on Jessie and fall to the floor.

"Fred Knowles!" screamed the half-fainting girl as he caught her in his arms and placed his foot on the knife, which had slipped from the lawyer's fingers. Parsons sprang up like a maddened tiger and faced the boy.

"You—you!" he gurgled as he recognized the youth he had supposed was at his last gasp among the piles underneath the building.

"Yes, it's me, you scoundrel!" retorted Fred. At that moment there was a noise at the front door which Scully had locked before he and Parsons started to rob Captain Drummond. The door was shaken and then a heavy boot struck it a blow that caused it to shiver on its hinges.

"Open! Open in the name of the law!" shouted an authoritative voice that mingled with the murmurs of a gathering mob outside.

"The police!" snarled Parsons. "I must escape!" He slipped around Fred and Jessie and made a grab for the two piles of money on the table. The boy released the girl and caught the lawyer by the arm, preventing him from accomplishing his object. In making this movement he stepped on the knife. The baffl villain tore himself away from Fred's grasp and made a swoop at the weapon. As he seized it the front door

gave way with a crash and two policemen rushed in, followed by several of the crowd.

Fred struck Parsons' arm with his foot and the knife went flying toward the bar. With a cry of baffled fury the lawyer dashed from the room through the side door, made for the back entrance of the entry, ran down the steps to the boat, cast off the rope and, seizing the oars pushed off into the river. As the policemen advanced into the room Fred faced them while Jessie threw her arms around the unconscious captain she now knew to be her father, and begged him to look up and speak to her.

"What's the trouble here?" demanded the foremost officer. "Looks as if there has been murder done," as his eyes rested a moment on the senseless Captain Drummond and then took in the motionless form of Scully, bleeding from the cut over his temple made by the sharp corner of the pool table. "See if that man is dead, Barney," he said to his companion. "Stand back there!" he added to the crowd.

Dead as a coffin-nail," replied Barney, after an examination of Jessie's uncle. "It's Scully, the proprietor of this joint."

"It is, eh? Turned up his toes at last. I always thought he'd die with his boots on. Take a squint at the man at the table. He looks like a subject for the undertaker, too. Now, young man," turning to Fred, "if you want to make a statement you can do so, but I warn you that whatever you say may be used against you." Fred could only tell what happened after he entered the room.

"What you say may be so or it may not. You're under arrest, and you can tell your story to the magistrate to-morrow morning," said the officer, as a third policeman pushed his way forward through the mob.

"I haven't done anything to be arrested," replied Fred indignantly. "I saved that girl's life. Ask her if I didn't."

"I have nothing to do with what you did or didn't do. That's the magistrate's business," replied the policeman curtly. "We have found you here under suspicious circumstances and you've got to go to the station. Hold out your hands." Before the boy could utter another protest a pair of handcuffs were snapped on his wrists.

"Why don't you try to get that scoundrel who ran from the room just as you came in?" demanded Fred. "He would have knifed the girl, only I interfered. Are you going to let him get away?"

"Who is he?"

"I don't know who he is. All I know is that he's a scoundrel of the worst kind. He and Scully caught me in this house, which I visited to get some property stolen from me. They tied me to a cross-piece among the piles under this building, intending that I should drown there; but I escaped just in time to save that girl, whose name is Jessie Drummond. Look at my clothes—don't they show I've been in the water? Look at my bleeding hands, torn by the sharp mussel shells in my efforts to escape. I tell you it's an outrage to arrest me and let that villain, who's the cause of all this trouble, escape," said Fred with flashing eyes. There was an honest ring to his voice that rather impressed the officer.

"Well, what you say may be true, but I've got

to do my duty. If there is nothing brought against you the magistrate will discharge you in the morning, so that the worst that can happen to you is one night in a cell, and that has happened to many gentlemen who's been pulled in under peculiar circumstances," said the officer. "Now, Barney, we'll have to have the patrol wagon here, so go to the corner and telephone. First of all, you and Henry drive these people from the room."

The two policemen pushed the curious crowd into the street with their clubs, and while Henry stood guard at the door, Barney went to the corner to 'phone the stationhouse. Officer Barney had assured the weeping Jessie that her father was simply drugged and would be all right in the morning, and she now turned to the brave boy who had squared his debt to her by saving her own life.

"Fred, Fred, how is it you are here? You came just in time to save my life and that of my dear father," she said, looking at him with grateful eyes.

"Your father, Jessie! I thought he was lost at sea."

"So I have thought for years," she replied; "but Heaven has brought him back to me. He is so changed that I did not know him until the conversation between Mr. Scully and that hateful Noah Parsons——"

"Noah Parsons!" ejaculated the officer. "Was he the man who left this room in such a hurry?"

"Yes," answered the girl. "He is a villain?"

"I agree with you. He's been under suspicion for a long time. He's got a strong pull in certain quarters, and that has protected him; but I think we have him trapped at last."

"How came you to be in this house, Fred?" asked Jessie, returning to her question. Fred explained, in as few words as possible, about the robbery of his invention, how he had chased the thief to Toledo, and finally to that house, telling how he had managed to recover it, and how his escape had been blocked by the lawyer. Then he told her of his capture by Scully and Parsons, how they had attempted to murder him by tying him to the cross-piece under the building at a point below high tide, and how he had escaped.

"I didn't get free a moment too soon, for the water was almost up to my mouth," he concluded. "Then I heard piercing screams up here. Something told me that you were in trouble, and I hurried here as fast as I could. As it happened, I was just in time to save you." While he was telling his story the officer took charge of the money on the table and put it in his pocket to be turned in at the stationhouse.

At that moment the patrol wagon drove up with several more policemen. Scully's body and the unconscious captain were loaded into it, and Fred and the girl were told to get in, too. The building was left in charge of an officer and the wagon, with its live and dead freight, was driven to the stationhouse.

CHAPTER XVI.—The Success of a Young Inventor.

When Captain Drummond came to his senses in the morning he was astonished to find himself

in the stationhouse. An officer partially explained matters to him, and he became excited, declaring that there must be some mistake.

"I have come to take you before the captain," said the officer. "Talk to him." The police captain asked the skipper to explain how he happened to be in such a notorious crib as the "Mariners' Snug Harbor" the night before. Captain Drummond explained the reason of his visit.

"So Dan Scully was your brother-in-law?" said the surprised officer.

"Was? He is."

"No, he isn't any more. He's dead."

"Dead!" ejaculate the skipper.

"Yes. He knocked his brains out against the leg of a pool table, according to the story of a young chap who played a prominent part in last night's affair. You say Scully told you that your daughter is at a school near this town?"

"He did, and of course she is."

"I'm thinking you're mistaken."

"Mistaken! What do you mean?"

"I mean that this rascally relative of yours, who ought to be in the State prison instead of lying a corpse in the morgue, was working you for some purpose. One of the two prisoners we took from the Scully crib last night is a girl who gave her age as seventeen and her name as Jessie Drummond. She claims you are her father."

Captain Drummond was staggered.

"Great heaven! Can she be my daughter? Let me see her!" he exclaimed excitedly.

The captain called an officer and ordered him to bring the girl to the office. The moment the skipper laid eyes on her he recognized her, and father and child were locked in each other's embrace. Jessie told her story and her father was thunderstruck. The police captain was so impressed by her narrative that he released her from custody. She then appealed for Fred's release, but the officer said he'd have to leave the matter to the magistrate. Three hours later Jessie repeated her story in court, the skipper told his, and Fred made his own explanations, which embraced his movements from the moment he discovered that his invention had been stolen.

He introduced his model, drawings and description of his combination knife as evidence, and Jessie also swore that she knew he lived in Greenlawn. The magistrate was satisfied and discharged him from custody. A bench warrant was issued for Noah Parsons' arrest and that ended the case. Captain Drummond was deeply grateful to Fred for saving his child's life, and took him to the Jefferson Hotel with Jessie. The skipper insisted that he should remain a few days with them in Toledo, and to this proposal Fred had no objection, particularly as the police notified him that he would be required to appear against Parsons when he was caught. We may as well say right here that the foxy lawyer never was caught.

What became of him was never known, but it is to be presumed that he eventually got all that was coming to him somewhere else. During the short time that the Little Wizard remained in Toledo he and Jessie were constantly together, and Captain Drummond watched their growing attachment with a favorable eye, for he had taken a great fancy to Fred. Finally the police permitted the young people to leave the city, so Fred

went back to Greenlawn, while Captain Drummond took his daughter to New York. Before they parted Fred and Jessie confessed their love for each other, and she promised to be his wife some day.

Fred had sent his drawings and description of his combination knife with his application for a patent on his invention to Washington on the day after his eventful experience in the "Mariners' Snug Harbor," and, on his return home, he found a letter from the patent lawyers acknowledging their receipt and promising to push the matter to an early conclusion. The young inventor resumed his duties at the works, and wrote two letters a week to Jessie, receiving a like number in return. About the time the new factory was finished by Jordan & Jellicot, Fred received word from Washington that Patent No. — had been granted to him.

He immediately entered into correspondence with the company that had bought his first patent, and his offer to dispose of this one on a royalty was accepted. It proved a lucky speculation for him, for the combination knife turned out to be a much greater and more permanent success than his burglar-proof window clutch, which he had found, almost to his cost, was really not a burglar-proof device after all, since an unprofessional thief like Moses Yarnold had got into his room in spite of it.

After the manufacture of his combination knife got well under way he became the recipient of a large and steady income from its sale. Fred's inventive genius did not stop with his useful kitchen tool. He continued to produce at intervals other simple contrivances, nearly all of which turned out to be money makers, both for himself and the manufacturers. Fred went to Toledo with Mr. Jellicot, after the contractors had turned the factory over to its owners, and spent two years in the firm's office in that city.

Then he resigned, for his income from his knife and another invention was so handsome that he concluded to devote all his time to the development of his ideas. About this time Captain Drummond and Jessie visited Greenlawn. They found Fred just completing a handsome house, which he said was to be Jessie's wedding present, but he guessed his mother and the captain could find room for themselves in it, too. At any rate they did, for Fred and Jessie were married soon afterward and went to Washington on their honeymoon, for Fred was especially anxious to pay several visits to the Patent Office. On their return to Greenlawn the young people settled down to housekeeping, and there they are to this day, with a growing family around them. Fred is proud of his success as an inventor, but he is equally proud of his familiar appellation—the Little Wizard.

Next week's issue will contain "A YOUNG MECHANIC; OR, RISING TO FAME AND FORTUNE."

Binks—The undercrust to that chicken pie you brought me was abominably tough. Waiter—There wasn't any undercrust to that pie, sir; it was served on a paper plate, and you've eaten it.

TURNED AWAY

— OR —

A BOY IN SEARCH OF HIS NAME

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER V.

A Close Shave.

"He's as good a sailor as you'd want to meet," said Clif. "If there's anything he doesn't know about the coast along here, I don't know what it is."

"Come into the cabin and make yourselves comfortable," said the man.

They went into the cabin, where there was a fire burning, and the captain, who said his name was Hazeltine, ordered the steward to bring some hot whisky for Mr. Kidder, who seemed nearly exhausted from exposure and excitement, and some dry clothes for all the party.

"There'll be no going ashore in this storm," he added, "so you'd best make yourself as snug as possible till I can land you somewhere along the coast. I suspect the best thing I can do is to get as far away as I can just now."

"Yes," said Clif, "and if you need a pilot, Tom Brown here is as good as you'll find."

"Well, if I need him I'll ask him," said Captain Hazeltine, with a twinkle in his eye which Clif did not fail to notice. "But what I was thinkin' most of was how I was goin' to provide fur the young lady. I can give up my room fast enough, an' I'll be glad to, but as for clothes and such fixin's as she's used to, I ain't fitted out for that at all."

"You are very kind," said Ada, "but I do not wish to put you out. I can soon dry my clothes by this fire. We will land in the morning, probably, and I can sleep anywhere tonight."

"If you need any extra hands," said Clif, as the steward entered carrying a tray on which were a jug of steaming whisky, some cold meat, and some bread and butter, "Tom Brown and I are at your service. We are both used to vessels, and you won't find us green, by any means."

The steward, a mulatto with gold rings in his ears, a thin, curly mustache with the ends waxed, and an ugly scar across his forehead, put the tray on the table, fixed in the center of the room, and went out.

"All right, my son," said Hazeltine. "I'll bear it in mind. By the way, I don't think you told me your name."

Clif flushed deeply and started, the realization of his nameless condition being suddenly forced upon him in the most startling manner.

"You may call me Clif," he said simply, struggling to regain the composure which the captain's question had shattered.

"Nothin' else?" asked the captain, fixing a puzzled look on the boy.

"No, nothing else," returned Clif, seeing Ada's perplexed look, and yet not wishing to tell his story at that time.

"M'm! You ain't touched like the other feller, are you?" asked the captain. "What you've be'n through ain't turned your head, has it? Folks generally has two names, 'less they're Injuns."

"I thought I had a name till tonight," said Clif, bitterly, realizing that the truth must be told, "but I have not. I am nameless, a nobody, and have been turned away from the only home I have ever known. You may call me Clif if you like, but I shall never take any other name till I have made one."

"That's pretty tough, old feller," said the captain, kindly. "But don't you worry. If you're as good a sailer as you say you are, and I guess you are, by the way you sailed that little boat a night like this, you're just the chap I want, and you won't lack for work, an' the means o' makin' plenty of money, neither."

"Thank you, Captain Hazeltine," said Clif. "We will talk about it later. We will hardly make a landing before tomorrow, at least."

"That's right," answered the captain. "You'll excuse me now, 'cause I've got to go on deck. It's gettin' nastier'n ever out. Eat and drink, an' make yourself to home. When you want to turn in, young lady, Jack'll show you your room. You are all pretty well used up, I guess, and you better get some sleep soon as you can."

He went on deck, and in a moment they heard him shouting orders to the men, the storm having increased if they could judge anything by the sound and the pitching of the vessel.

The cabin was fitted much better than most coasting schooners can afford, and Clif wondered what particular line the vessel was in that her captain could promise him plenty of money; but he was worn out now, and gave up thinking about it until a more convenient occasion.

An hour later, when he and Tom were alone in the cabin, the captain came down, shook the rain and sleet from his sou-wester and said:

"So you've been turned out of the house, eh?"

"Yes, and told that I was a foundling, a nobody and hadn't even a name."

"What was the trouble?"

"It's a long story, and I do not care to tell it, but it was because I would not apologize for punishing a bully as he deserved, in order to save some one from a loss of money, a fortune, maybe. Then he told me I was not his son, and had no name."

"And you went away?"

"Yes; and saw the Kidders fast on the Skillet. Tom and I went out and rescued them, and then you ran us down."

"Well, never mind about what's gone. You'll have plenty of chances to make a name for yourself if you go with me."

"I am satisfied to do so, sir," said Clif, "and Tom Brown will go wherever I go, so you can count on us both. You will land Mr. Kidder and his daughter somewhere, I suppose, as soon as it is possible?"

"Oh, yes, I'll look out for 'em," replied the captain, with a strange look in his eyes which Clif could not fathom. "But you're pretty well tuckered out, and had better turn in somewhere and get a sleep. It's likely I'll want you later, 'cause the storm don't let up none. There's nothin' like the Skillet to be afraid of now, but it's better to be out on the open sea than too near land."

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"Then you do know this coast?" asked Clif.

"Oh, yes, I know it some," said the other half evasively, and then he went on deck in some haste, leaving Clif and Tom to look after themselves.

Tom was already asleep in his chair with his head resting on his arms, which were folded upon the table, and Clif now stretched himself upon a cushioned settee at one side of the cabin, and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

Out Of The Skillet Into The Fire.

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, dong!

"Seven bells, and all's well!"

Clif awoke to hear the last stroke of the schooner's big bell forward, followed by the cry of the lookout.

He sat up and looked around him, wondering if he had slept till morning, or if it were still night.

The light in the cabin and a glimpse of black sky through the open door assured him that it was still dark, and that the seven bells meant half an hour before midnight, instead of half-past seven in the morning.

Tom was still asleep in his chair, with his head on his arms, and Clif did not awaken him, but arose quietly and walked to the cabin companion, and stood there a moment, listening.

He heard a tramp on deck, and then saw a rocket shoot up into the blackness and drop a ball of green fire which hung suspended in the air like a star for several moments before it faded out.

"That's all right," he heard the captain say. "Get the stuff ready and then lower a boat. We'll deliver this all right, if we couldn't put ashore a load at the Skillet."

Then the boy heard the tramping of feet, and creaking of blocks, and many other sounds which greatly puzzled him.

"They've run in to some land-locked harbor," he mused. "It's safer than outside. But what are they doing? They can't be meaning to put us ashore at this time."

He went on deck and saw by the light of three or four lanterns held by the men that the main hatch was off, and that a number of kegs, half barrels, and small, square cases were being hauled up by the cant-hooks.

He thought it a strange time to deliver cargo, but this might be a small commission that the captain had been asked to execute, and he would have given this explanation of the affair if Hazeltine's words had not suddenly occurred to him.

The Skillet was no place to land cargo, and then the captain had spoken of there being plenty of money in the business, and he knew that ordinary seamen's wages were by no means large.

"Be careful, there, man," the captain said, gruffly, as one of the sailors nearly dropped one of the cases in taking it from the cant-hooks. "If you break those bottles I'll break your head. I don't run the risk of getting that fine rum ashore on the quiet to have you go smashing it."

"All ready, sir?" said one, who appeared to be an officer. "They're showing a red light on shore."

"All ready, Mr. Watson. Got the boat ready to lower?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Then put in this last case, and lower. You'll

go with the boat. Here's the bill, and be sure you get the cash before you give up the goods. This is a cash transaction, this is. Get back as soon as you can, for we must be at the Griniron long before daybreak to let off another lot."

"Aye, aye, sir."

In a few minutes Clif saw the boat lowered, heard the splash as it struck the water, and then the measured sound of the oars as it left the schooner's side.

He was in the shadow of the mainmast, and now he moved a little forward, and saw a tiny but brilliant red star of light shining out amid the darkness at some distance, but could see nothing else.

Suddenly some one with a lantern in his hand almost ran into him, and then Hazeltine himself raised the lantern to the level of his face and said, gruffly:

"H'm! It's you, is it? I thought you was asleep. What are you doing here?"

"I thought I might be of assistance, sir," said Clif.

"Well, you can't; not now, at any rate. When the watch is called you might. Go below."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Clif, turning to the cabin, where he found Tom awake and rubbing his eyes.

"Tom Brown, do you know what the Gridiron is?" he asked.

"H'm?" asked Tom, sleepily, and Clif repeated the question.

"I've heard of one. Cap'n Peter most got wrecked on it once. It's a nasty kind o' a reef somewhere to the north, an' folks keep as far away from it as they can, just like the Skillet."

"Tom," said Clif, in a low tone, his mouth almost to the other's ear, "do you know that this schooner is engaged in smuggling?"

"That so?" said Tom, impressively.

"I'm sure of it. The captain wanted to land some kegs of rum or whisky at the Skillet, and that's why he was so close. The storm prevented."

"H'm! then I guess we're out of the Skillet into the fire, Clif," said the boy dismally. "You won't never go smugglin', will you?"

At that instant Hazeltine came noisily down the companionway and entered the cabin.

"No!" said Clif.

"Then I won't," answered Tom.

"You won't what?" asked the captain, setting his lantern on the table.

"Tom asked me a question," said Clif, quietly.

"What was it?"

"Perhaps you can guess."

"Mebby I can," laughed the other. "You are a bright boy, and keep your eyes open, and your wits about you. You don't like my business, I suspect? It's honest enough, as things go."

"Do you call smuggling honest, sir?" asked Clif, looking the man full in the face.

"H'm! it's only doin' without an agent, an' takin' more profit for myself," said Hazeltine, with the same coarse chuckle he had made use of before. "I take the extra risk. Why shouldn't I take the extra profit? Besides, all my dealin's are not like this one. I come an' go, an' nobody says nothin'. You'll find everything reg'lar on my bills o' lad-in', my son."

"Because you get rid of everything that is not on them when you make these midnight visits, I

to do with the stuff you intended putting off at the Skillet?"

Hazeltine laughed and answered:

"It's disposed of, my boy; got rid of it to another customer. If I'd seen you sooner and not run you down, I'd have let you land the stuff for me, but that beast of a rain knocked out all my calculations."

Just then the bell struck again, and the mulatto steward, coming from a room in one corner, said:

"Shall I call the watch, sir?"

"No; but you'd better get some coffee ready for Mr. Watson. He'll be back soon, and 'll want it. Then the men'll want some, I reckon."

The man went on deck and Clif said:

"Captain, we are in some harbor, I take it. If you will land us anywhere you can rely on my not saying a word of what I have seen and heard to-night."

"I'll land the girl and her dad, if you like," returned Hazeltine, "but I want a couple o' smart boys like you and the idiot, an' I couldn't think o' lettin' you go. You will get over your squeamishness afore long, and like the life fust-rate, when you get to makin' money."

"Do you think I would sully my name by becoming a thief, a pirate, almost?"

"Your name?" repeated the skipper, with a mocking laugh. "Why, you haven't got one. You told me so. What do you care about hurtin' what you haven't got? How do you know who you are, or who your father was? He might ha' be'n wuss'n a smuggler fur all you know. He might ha' be'n hung, even."

"What he was I neither know nor care," said Clif, calmly, but with a calmness that denoted the passion beneath. "What I am is more to the purpose. Nameless though I may be, I have never stooped to dishonor, and never will. For your present kindness to me I thank you, but I will never go with you as long as you remain a smuggler."

At that moment there was a whistle on deck, and Hazeltine turned to go up, and said:

"Well, you think it over," and Clif saw a look in the man's face which told him that if he left the schooner it would only be after a struggle.

For a few minutes there was a great bustle and stir on deck, and then the creaking of blocks, the swash of the waves, the whistling of the wind, and the motion of the vessel told Clif that they were out of the harbor and at sea again.

Ada came from her stateroom, wearing the blue flannel dress she had worn on the boat, ran to Clif, and said tremulously:

"I heard something of what went on. What has happened? Are we in danger?"

"Yes," said Clif, "for, as Tom Brown puts it, we are out of the Skillet into the fire."

CHAPTER VII.

A Service And Its Reward.

It was about an hour after the schooner had put to sea.

Clif was talking earnestly with Ada in the cabin, while Tom sat quietly by.

Suddenly, above the roar of the tempest, the cry rang out:

"All hands on deck!"

Hazeltine had not appeared below since he had told Clif to think it over, nor had he called hte boy to go to work as he had said he would.

"Come, Tom, there is work for us to do. The storm is worse and the ship may be in danger. We must help and not sit idly by while others work."

Catching up his oilskin jacket, which had been thrown across an arm of the settee, and picking up his sou'wester, Clif was soon ready to go on deck.

Tom was ready at the same moment, and the two boys hurried up the companion as the captain called:

"Take in the main gaff tops'ls! Lively, now!"

Clif was the first to reach the main weather shrouds, and he flew up the ratlines like a monkey, Tom following close behind.

"Ready, there, aloft?"

"Aye, eye, sir!"

"Let go the halliards. Gather in, lively, up there!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Who's up there?" growled Hazeltine.

"That young fellow we picked up, sir," said the steward, who was working with the rest.

"H'm!" said the skipper.

The sail was loosened, and Clif and Tom gathered it in snug and tight, and furled it so that the wind could get on loose ends to make sport of.

"All snug up there?"

"Aye, eye, sir!"

"Down from aloft!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Clif swung into the shrouds and came sliding down, reaching the rail just as the vessel rolled to leeward.

He was on deck in an instant, Tom following quickly, but as he did so the helmsman let the schooner come up into the wind, and a tremendous wave struck her just forward of the waist and rushed aft.

"Look out!" screamed Clif, but at that moment the captain had come down from the quarter-deck, and had started to go forward.

The wave stove in a portion of the weather-rail, and a perfect flood went rushing across the deck.

Clif caught at a line hanging from the boom with one hand, and with the other snatched at the captain, who had just been struck by the wave.

He secured a hold on the collar of the man's oilskin coat just as the vessel keeled way over leeward, and his own feet were swept from under him.

Hazeltine lost his footing and would have been swept across the deck by the flood and through the breach in the rail when the schooner rolled to windward at the next moment if Clif had not had that grip on his collar.

"Look out, there! Mind your luff!" roared the skipper. "Do you want to swamp us, you fool? Who's that at the wheel? Send somebody who knows something. Ease off, there, you lubber, ease off! Not too much! Mind your wind! Hi, there! What are you about?"

The vessel was going off too much now, and there was great danger of the booms slamming over to the other side and carrying everything before them.

(To be continued.)

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R. W. MARK, Vice-Pres. and Sec.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

DISTANCES BY THE PANAMA CANAL

Distances from New York to San Francisco by water by the former route were 13,135 miles; via Panama Canal, 5,262 miles. New York to Hawaii, former route, 12,800 miles; by Canal, 7,000 miles. New York to Manila via Hawaii, former route, 17,800 miles; by Canal, 12,000 miles.

GAME FROM ARGENTINA

United States Trade Commissioner Brady, in a recent report from Buenos Ayres, states that there is at present a plentiful supply of Argentine quail and partridges available for export. This game could be placed upon the New York market to great advantage during the months of May to September, the difference in seasons between the United States and Argentina making it possible for the former to have a certain supply of this food at an unusual time of the year.

CORAL

Genuine coral may be red, pink, white, blue, yellow, green or black, the last being the rarest and most highly prized. The next in value is the red coral, which is susceptible of a high polish and is most in use in jewelry, being the coral of commerce. Corals are roughly classed under two heads; the horny corals and the lime or stone corals. To the former belong the red and black forms, and to the latter, the white. Red coral is chiefly found in the Mediterranean. The corals found on the Atlantic Coast of Florida are the lime or stone corals, which are the reef-building forms.

MOVING IMAGES SENT BY WIRE OR WIRELESS

At Malmaison, in the presence of General Ferrie, head of the French Military Telegraph, and Professor Fabrie of Sorbonne, experiments were recently made which are hailed as establishing the discovery of a method of television which, it is asserted, results in instantaneous transmission of moving images by wire or wireless.

The demonstration marked a step in the extended research by Professor Belin, discoverer of

a means of transmission of photographs by wireless, and Professor Hollweck, chief of experiments in the Radium Institute.

The scientists succeeded in transmitting from one end of the laboratory to the other images of a moving finger as well as of several small objects moved before the sending apparatus.

Professor Belin and his partner are confident that within a few months they will have solved satisfactorily the problems of television, so that at one end of a telephone the subscriber will be able to see the person to whom he is talking.

The method used is a combination of mechanics and electricity based on the use of electrons which permit the transmission of images or parts of images in a time shorter than the duration of a retinal impression, which is the sixteenth part of a second. In sending a photoelectric cell instantly transforms the luminous intensity of the ray into electrical intensity, and at the receiving end a jet of electrons spraying into a vacuum controlled by these impulses gives an inverse reproduction.

LAUGHS

Jimmie—What are you doing? Tommie—Washing the jelly off my hands. Ma's a finger-print expert, you know.

"Does your wife do fancy work?" "I'll say so. She does some mighty fancy work to get my week's salary from me."

"What's the proprietor of the Plunkville House all swelled up about?" "Some guy wanted a house label to stick on his suitcase."

Mother—Did you enjoy your ice cream soda, Dickie? Dickie—Yes, ma; they wuz seven other boys lookin' in the winder at me.

Man—What became of that mirror I bought for my wife? Maid—The missus made me take it back, sir. She said it didn't do her justice.

"And what is that lad of yours going to be when he grows up?" "I rather fancy he'll be a golf caddy." "Really!" "Yes. The last tanning I gave him he turned round and told me I wasn't holding the stick the right way."

During a railroad strike a young and green engineer was put on to run a train. On his first trip out he ran some distance beyond a station he was to stop at, and on backing up he ran as far the other way. He was about to start forward for another attempt when the station master shouted:

"Oh, thunder! Stay where you are and we'll move the station."

A little girl was enjoying a slide on the pavement when, to her consternation, her heels flew up and she fell with great force upon the stones. A woman who was passing saw the accident and ran to the child's assistance. She picked her up, brushed the dust from her clothes and asked kindly: "You poor little mite. How did you fall?" The child, with tears streaming down her cheeks, sobbed, "Flat, ma'am!"

An Unlucky Raid

In the good old days of the Bow street runners, when highway assaults were rife, and solitary postchaise travelers never journeyed without pistols in their pockets, and tremor at their hearts; when strange feats in the shape of starlight robberies were boasted of, and a "Knight of the Road" aspired to be called a gentleman, the following incident occurred:

One afternoon in early autumn, close upon sunset, a couple of well-dressed men, driving a light gig, in which was a poor jaded-looking horse, stopped at a wayside posting-inn, not a hundred miles from Bath, and requested accommodation for the night. They were fashionably attired, and spoke in condescending tones to the landlord and servants, using a few words now and again of town slang, as young bucks of the first water were proud to do in that way.

Giving the horse and gig over to the care of the hostler, they adjoined to the public room, and called for some light refreshments in the shape of drink, ordering a supper to be served later. The landlord himself brought in the brandy-and-water.

"What's this story about a great highway robbery near here last night, landlord?" questioned one. "We heard of it on the road, coming along. Is it true?"

"Quite true, sir. Ah, gentlemen, it is a dreadful thing—though clever, I must say. My Lady Cantifere with her two daughters was driving home across the heath an hour or two after midnight, having been to a ball, when the carriage was stopped by four mounted horsemen with cocked pistols. The lady screamed and fainted, the young ones screamed and kicked, and the gentlemen, those audacious robbers, proceeded politely to rifle the ladies of every ornament they wore."

"Scoundrels!" interjected one of the guests.

"More than that, your worships. What should those bold blades do but invite the damsels to tread a measure with them! It was a fine night, as you may perhaps remember, sirs—the moonbeams shining bright on the bare heath. Out of the coach they handed them, and footed it in a minuet; dancing, it's said, to perfection, as though they were used to lead out the king's own daughters every night of their lives. The young ladies screams ended in laughter; the baroness woke up from her faint and abused them all, robbers and daughters together. Oh, they are bold, those gentlemen of the highway!"

The two gentlemen, listening to this, had gone into bursts of laughter.

"But what of the men-servants?—what, were they doing?" spluttered one.

Only two were in attendance, sir, it seems; my lady's footman in the dickey, and the postilion on the horses; and while two of the robbers were thus doing their dancing, the other two stood guard over the men, each with his pistol cocked and his hand on the trigger, ready to fire at the least movement."

"And the upshot?"

"The young ladies were bowed into their coach again, all with stately ceremony, and the robbers,

after wishing them a very courteous good-night, rode off at a canter, with every jewel they had possessed, small or large, costly or simple, and my lady's purse into the bargain. They may well boast that they lead merry lives, those men! Fine commotion they have caused round about us to-day, as you may imagine, gentlemen. Everybody's talking of it."

The landlord, being called for elsewhere, retired; the travelers sipped at their glasses, laughing away, and conversing with one another in an undertone. Dusk came on, and the elder and taller of the two addressed his friend in a different tone.

"About time to see after the horse, isn't it, Jim? It's dark enough."

"I was just going to, answered Jim. And draining his glass, he went away to the stable yard.

Looking about him, with the air of a connoisseur, after watching his horse eat up its oats, he made himself acquainted with the arrangements of the stables. Some five or six horses were in them. In the box next to his own stood a splendid animal; evidently valuable.

"A better horse nor yourn, sir!" cried the hostler from behind, in a quiet voice; and the gentlemen gave a start, not thinking anybody was near.

"Ay; mine has seen good service, and he has been worked hard lately," answered the stranger, good-humoredly. "A very fine animal this, as you observe. And stepping back to look critically at it, "Were my horse in good condition it might not be much inferior to this. They are not altogether unlike—about the same height, and much the same in color—brown."

With the last words, the stranger went back to the house, whistling. The hostler peered after him through the dusk while he made his comments.

"You have got a cheek, master, whoever you may be; and a impudent cheek it is. Going and comparing of the two hosses like that!—this fifty-guinea beautiful animal, and that there wretched old hack o' yourn! What next! I wonder who they be, when they be at home?"

And, with that, he locked the stable door.

"Well!" cried the elder traveler when the other one returned. "Any chance?"

"Never had a better chance in our lives," was the answer. "In the next box to ours stands one of the grandest animals you ever saw—same color same size, or about it; worth a little fortune. And a set of silvermounted harness hanging up by him."

"Silver-mounted?"

"Think so. Looks like it. We have got a rich chance, I tell you, Wade."

Supper was announced in due time, and the two hungry men did justice to it. Afterward they sat over the fire, with pipes and grog, and retired to their room about eleven o'clock.

The room, a double-bedded one, was not exactly on the ground floor, but it was not much higher. A few steps leading from the staircase conducted to it. The travelers had chosen it in preference to one at first assigned them on the second floor, one of them observing that he liked to sleep near the ground in case a fire broke out in the night, of which he had a peculiar dread.

The first thing they did on entering the chamber was to double-lock the door and put the candle out; the second was to softly open the window to stretch their necks out of it as far as they con-

veniently could, and to wish the moonlight was "hanged."

"Nothing of a drop, that," observed Wade, measuring with his eye the space to the ground. "A child might jump it. Shut down the window, Jim, and let's have a pipe. Hang that moon again! I think you were wrong in foretelling it would be a dark night."

Shutting the window as softly as he had opened it, Jim and his friend, each taking a short, well-worn pipe from his pocket, sat down to smoke. From another pocket came forth a flask of some kind of liquor. Thus they made themselves comfortable, and seemed to forget all about bed.

At any rate, neither of them attempted to go to it. They sat on and smoked, and drank at the flask occasionally, and whispered together in hushed tones. At last the old clock struck two. One of them rose, drew aside the window-curtain, and looked out.

A suppressed shout of exultation broke from him.

"Luck is with us again. It is now raining and the moon is gone. I knew rain was coming."

"Man alive, don't make that row," retorted the other. "We don't want the house woke up."

Putting away their pipes and flasks, they opened the window with crafty gentleness, and dropped on the ground outside it, one after the other. The night was very dark—no light, or glimmer of it, was to be seen anywhere.

Making their way round cautiously to the coach-house and stables, Jim produced a master-key which undid the locks. The stable-door he undid was the one that had the valuable horse in it, and he was surprised to find what an easy lock it was. Then, while the other man kept watch, he hastily and noiselessly attached the horse to their own gig, using the harness he had admired so greatly. The rain was dashing down smartly, which tended to deaden other sounds.

When all was ready they cautiously led the horse and gig out of the yard and to a distance beyond it, got in and drove away at a spanking pace.

So far they were well satisfied with their night's work and congratulated themselves on the valuable prize they had captured in the horse and harness. It's true the horse appeared to require the whip pretty frequently, and Jim, who was driving, did not fail to administer it.

"Lazy beggar! he has stuffed himself out with corn," cried he. "You shall fast all this day, my gentleman, and that will bring you into working order. What a pelt it is!" looking up at the pouring rain. "Should say this was the clearing shower."

"What'll the job bring us in, Jim?"

"Twenty pounds clear, I reckon. And an old hack thrown in to complete the bargain."

On the heath now, they began laughing over the past night's adventure there, as related to them by the landlord. They had no fear of the highwaymen themselves, not they; such gentry do not prey upon one another.

"Hang it, Jim! can't you drive faster?" cried Wade, suddenly.

Jim made no answer. He was beginning to feel somewhat puzzled; for, unless he was mistaken, the beautiful horse betrayed unmistakable signs of giving in. Their own wretched animal could do

as well as this. Presently it stopped—dead from exhaustion.

"What the deuce is the matter with him?" demanded Wade.

"Be shot if I know. He seems dead beat. It's so dark one can see nothing. Wish that they would come out!—the rain has ceased."

"Well, this is a pretty go!" exclaimed the other, as the horse, in spite of the whip and word, refused to move. "Brought up, before one's half beyond danger, with a stolen horse! You must have been mistaken in the worth of the animal, Jim; never knew you to mistake one before."

"It beats me hallow," returned Jim, his crest-fallen tone betraying some alarm. "As to being mistaken in him, I know I never was—there! Something extraordinary must ail the horse."

He jumped out of the gig and began feeling the animal with his hands. At the same moment the coy moon burst out from behind the clouds and shone in all her splendor. Jim felt the horse, stared at it, and stared again. The other in the gig was also gazing curiously. Simultaneously a shout of dismay, followed by an imprecation burst from both of them.

They had stolen their own horse!

Some mutual recrimination ensued—Wade accusing Jim of having made a mistake and opened the wrong stable; Jim vowing by all that's blue that he had opened the right one.

"Any way, we've got the harness," pleaded Jim.

The remark caused Wade to turn his eyes on it. Its silver points were glittering in the moonlight. A closer glance, and then another angry shout burst from him.

"Look here, you fool! Here's a 'crest.'"

"Hey—what?" cried Jim, turning around.

Sure enough. The silver-mounted harness bore a family crest with its Latin motto, and could, no doubt, be identified anywhere. Certainly this night's anticipated spoil was not lucky in any way.

Next morning the landlord of the inn was intensely surprised at the disappearance of the travelers, and at the spiriting away of some harness that belonged to the young Viscount Dare. He stood in the stable-yard talking with his hostler.

"But for me his lordship's horse would ha' gone, too!" cried the hostler stolidly. "When I see one o' the two gents a-poking and peering about here last night under cover o' the dusk, and see him gazing at the fine animal with hungry eyes, and next watched him fingering the stable-locks, it struck me what he might be after—the wanting to have a try at changing their own sorry hack for this one. So the last thing at night, before turning in, I changed the hosses; putting theirs in the best stable, and t'other here, and made him safe with my bar and padlock which can't be picked. And they've just been gone away with their own."

"Why didn't you change the harness as well?"

"Well, I never thought of the harness."

But in the course of the day the messenger brought the harness back—and did not wait to ask for that of the travelers.

So the landlord, by the bargain, got a set of plain harness, which really was not bad, and he let the unlucky thieves alone.

CURRENT NEWS

AGED DUCHESS GETS BOAR-HUNTING RIGHT

Although the Duchesse Douiariere d'Uzes of Paris is now in her eightieth year, she is still fond of sports. Recently she took the oath as Lieutenant de Louveterie before the Rambouillet Civil Court. She is the first woman to hold this office which entitles her to a uniform and requires her to keep a pack of hounds. In return she is permitted to hunt wild boars in the local state forests twice a month.

HORSES OUTPULL OXEN

Keen competition for the honor of owning the world's champion pulling team of horses and oxen is a development of the recent test for weights drawn by ox and horse teams at Amherst, Mass.

The tests were made by a dynamometer and showed that two teams of horses each hauled the equivalent of fifteen tons a distance of twenty-seven and one-half feet, while a team of oxen pulled the equivalent of thirteen and one-half tons a distance of nineteen feet.

LIFE SPAN NOT INCREASED

The expectation of life at birth has increased greatly in the past few years (in London, for instance, from forty-one years to fifty-three years), but the expectation of life of the elderly has not increased in proportion. In other words, more people live to an old age now than used to, but they do not live to any older age. The upper limit of man's life span has not been raised appreciably, indicating that perhaps despite all that science can do, the human body will simply wear out within the usual time.

HIGH-SPEED TYPEWRITER

One thousand one hundred and sixty keys, comprising forty different alphabets, constitute the keyboard of a high-speed typewriter recently invented by a Washington lawyer, Fred A. Dolph. The inventor, who can write 150 words a minute on the ordinary typewriter, claims he is able to turn out 283 words a minute on his new machine.

Each alphabet on the typewriter extends in a single vertical line. Each line carries a capital shift, character shift and release shift. Instead of printing each letter separately, an entire line is assembled at one time and then pressed on the paper by a special lever. The machine has no ribbon, as the special lever inks each line when it presses it against the paper. Mr. Dolph states he has been working on the invention for twenty-five years.

WATERCRESS IS FINE FOOD

Has the common watercress some real value as a food and a medicine? Evidently the answer is yes, to judge from investigations made recently by Dr. S. Monckton Crompton of London. He has experimented with both animals and humans.

The ages of the human subjects varied widely; in all cases they gained in weight, improved in appetite, their skin became much more healthful, and constipation, if it existed, was entirely removed. Doctor Monckton also studied the cress

itself to discover the chemical basis for its dietary virtues, and found that the residue from the extracted juices of the plant gave marked reactions with all the test solutions for alkaloids. A glucose present in the form of potassium salt was first isolated. He found also that watercress contains the three vitamins, A, B, and C, together with salts of potash and iron, in addition to a considerable quantity of iodine.

SWINDLERS CAUGHT AS THEY TAKE MONEY FOR CASTING OFF "EVIL EYE"

Mme. Follouvrier, living in the village of Faverges, Haute-Savoie, Geneva, was recently visited by two foreign wanderers, who informed her that a large treasure was buried near her house but that it was guarded by mysterious spirits who had cast an evil eye on the spot. The couple added they could overcome the evil eye and reveal the treasure, which would become the property of madame. All they asked for their generosity was 1,000 francs.

Mme. Follouvrier said she had only 20 francs in the house and gave the men the money, asking them to return for the balance in a few days. Madame told the story of her good fortune to the village priest, who told the police and a trap was laid. As Mme. Follouvrier was paying the remainder of the money to the Bohemians in her house, gendarmes appeared and arrested the swindlers, to the great surprise of madame.

STUDENTS STRAND THEMSELVES ON DESERT ISLE

The story of more than two weeks spent as voluntary castaways on the desert island of Mona in the Caribbean Sea about fifty miles from Mayaguez, Porto Rico, was told by six Syracuse students who arrived a few days ago on the Red D. liner Maracaibo. The party was led by Professor Parke H. Struthers and brought back more than 350 specimens of tropical life.

They left Mayaguez on June 29 on a small native schooner and arrived at Mona, which is inhabited by only four native families, a day later. They landed with a small stock of provisions, which they supplemented with wild goats they were able to catch.

So hot was the weather that the island's modest crops had withered. Water was hard to get and the natives were near starvation.

On the island the explorers discovered a number of natural caves, which they described as having rare beauty. They said the caverns were bright with green and yellow stalagmites and stalactites, some of which had come together, forming pillars which supported the roof. The walls glowed with phosphorescence, they said, so that even the deepest recesses were illuminated. In some places they were filled with water.

The schooner had been told to return on July 15. But when that day came it did not appear. It arrived the next day, however, with the excuse that it had been becalmed. The students were also becalmed on their way back to Porto Rico, for it took them fifty hours to traverse the fifty miles.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

LABORATORY FOR EARTHQUAKE

Two laboratories for the scientific investigation of earthquakes are in process of erection at present. One is being built at Imperial University, Tokio, Japan, and the other is being constructed at Pasadena, Cal., by the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

"CHANNEL FEVER"

Seasickness has a strange counterpart in what is now called "channel fever"—a set of distressing symptoms that sometimes strike passengers when a ship, after a rough ocean voyage, enters a landlocked harbor where there is very smooth water. The effects are something like that of real seasickness, and evidently are a result of the sudden change of environment equilibrium.

WORKERS USE MASKS

Gas masks are worn by workmen laying a tennis court in Hollywood, Cal., on account of a deadly poisonous gas developed by the chemicals employed in the special patented process of cement work they are applying. But even wearing masks, they can work only in short shifts of not longer than twenty minutes at a time. The cement for this process can be laid only at night, by artificial light.

"LOST FLOWER" FOUND

A species of flower which was discovered about the year 1750 and then lost for 175 years has been independently rediscovered by two scientists, Dr. E. T. Wherry of the United States Bureau of Chemistry and Dr. J. E. Benedict of the United States Museum. This rare flower is known as the pink turtlehead. It was found near Marlboro, Md.

The pink turtlehead grows in wet ground, reaches a height of about three feet and has pink flowers resembling the neck of a turtle.

MOTHER NATURE DIRECTS METEOR DISPLAY

On the same day each year, August 10, old mother nature sends showers of blazing meteors skidding through the heavens at forty miles a second. They burst, flame and vanish when they strike the denser air of the earth.

Scientists say the phenomenon is due to the collision of the earth with an immense cloud of stones, fragments of comets, revolving around the sun like the earth, but in the opposite direction. These fragments are mostly gas and an exceedingly small proportion of solids. It is seldom that the stones crash through the atmosphere to the earth.

WHEN NIAGARA WAS DAMMED BY ICE

Niagara Falls was still on the morning of March 31st, 1848, and many people for some distance from the Falls actually thought they had become deaf during the night, when they awoke and heard no thundering of the water. The winter had been a severe one and the ice on Lake Erie had been exceptionally thick. Warm weather and the subsequent breaking up of the ice came

suddenly. During the last week of March a stiff northeast wind drove the broken ice floes up on the bank and piled the ice into miniature icebergs. On March 30th, a gale came from the opposite quarter and hurled the ice back with such force that it formed an enormous ice-dam at the head of Niagara River. This held back the stream until the water above the falls was completely drained off; thus the falls were silenced for nearly 24 hours, after which time the ice gave way beneath the pressure of the water behind it and on April 1st the water was again going over the falls as usual.

MONEY; ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS EXPOSE OTHER FRAUDS

A new development in the quartz lamp, which makes it possible to distinguish immediately between animal and mineral matter, was demonstrated recently by its manufacturers.

The new lamp will give merchants a quick and sure means of distinguishing real pearls from those of synthetic manufacture, and will enable them to detect cotton threads in supposedly all-wool cloths.

Counterfeit stocks, bonds and paper moneys can be distinguished from genuine ones by the aid of this light, for the slightest difference in the composition of the paper shows in a difference of color under the ultra-violet light. Erasures or changes are also clearly detectable.

The lamp test is also applicable to oils, since those manufactured from animal fats or vegetables give off a fluorescence, while oils of mineral extraction retain a lifeless color.

From a cultural standpoint the lamp also holds out hope that a multitude of manuscripts written on parchment may now be deciphered. Since parchments are of animal origin and the stylus and fluids with which the writing was done were made from minerals, the chemical action resulting is still discernible under the light, even though the first writings were erased with pumice-stone to allow the parchment to be used a second time.

Though the value of the rays has long been recognized, the new invention permits a much more extended use of them.

The power of the invisible ultra-violet rays to produce different tints and degrees of brightness in different materials has been vividly illustrated to New York theatre audiences, because this power has been used for some of the most brilliant theatrical effects in recent years.

Costumes white or dull in color under ordinary light are made to blaze and gleam with many hues under ultra-violet rays.

These spectacles were based on the researches of Professor R. W. Wood of Johns Hopkins University. By flooding the members of the Association for Advancement of Science with ultra-violet rays in 1921 he gave the first public exhibition of the odd effects since popularized on the stage.

Ultra-violet rays have since been used widely in deciphering palimpsests, or twice-written manuscripts.

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